

**THE
XYZ
MURDERS**

"THE XYZ MURDERS"
(*Crimewave*)

by

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"THE XYZ MURDERS"

1 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT (BACKDROP/MINIATURE) - DAY

1

A very faint pounding can be heard, as consistent and regular as a metronome. Each beat is accompanied by a muffled rattle -- like a tambourine without any treble.

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM . . .

From blackness, CAMERA IRIS's OPEN to reveal a high angle of Detroit City. Chimneys bellow smoke, billboards advertise soad-pop. With a deafening AIR SHOCK, a commercial airliner ROARS by in the foreground, leaving heat-waves of jet exhaust behind. The CAMERA begins a SLOW TRACK DOWNWARD. The pounding grows louder:

. . . BOOM
BOOM
BOOM . . .

We are approaching the roof of a one-story building: ODEGARD/TREND SECURITY SYSTEMS. A large chimney on the roof bellows steam towards the camera. CAMERA CONTINUES TRACK DOWN into this whiteness, concealing a DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. SECURITY STORE BACK ROOM - DAY

2

as we CONTINUE TO TRACK through the steam, down into the skylight of the building and into its shadowy interior.

. . . BOOM
BOOM
BOOM . . .

MR. ERNEST TREND sits alone at a table below us, his form obscured by shadows. Our CONTINUED TRACK DOWN finally ends in an EXTREME CLOSE SHOT of TREND's finger and thumb, pounding a cigarette upon a small box of stick matches. The matches rattle with each tap.

The cigarette taps once, twice, and then--stops in mid swing, suspended a fraction of an inch above the surface of the matchbox. MR. TREND's hand hesitates, interrupting the rhythm of the tapping for the first time. Finally his hand moves resolutely for the telephone. He has made a decision.

The receiver is picked up by his left hand and lifted out of frame. Still holding the unlit cigarette between the fingers of his right hand, TREND quickly dials. The sound of the dialed number clicking into place. MR. TREND's hand rises up out of frame with the cigarette, then comes back down empty. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the hand as it moves to the match box. The sound of a muffled ringing at the other end. MR. TREND's hand fumbles nervously to pick out one match. Another distant ring. The match is unsuccessfully struck against the desktop: once, twice-- A third ring. -- the match snaps in two. The CAMERA MOVES BACK to the base of the phone. The left hand lowers the receiver into

CONTINUED

2 Cont'd

2

frame to hang up. The final ring is cut short by an answering click at the other end. A pause as the receiver is held suspended just above the disconnect pins. From the telephone, the tinny voice of ARTHUR CRUSH:

CRUSH

Yeah?

TREND's hand slowly lifts the receiver back up out of frame, the spiral cord unravelling out of its small pile and becoming taut.

MR. TREND

I . . .

The spiral cord trembles slightly; he is unable to continue. From the telephone a tinnily impatient:

CRUSH

Talk to me.

We hear the half match being scraped across the desktop and it rises into frame just as it flares into orange flame.

MR. TREND

. . . Do it tonight. He'll be working late. . . alone.

The match is held between forefinger and thumb in front of the receiverless telephone. It is burning down very slowly. We hear the muffled and unintelligible voice of CRUSH from the other end.

MR. TREND

(answering)

You don't have to know who I am.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS away from MR. TREND.

MR. TREND (os)

. . . Your money will be in the safe. . .

The CAMERA STOPS ITS PAN on a safe which rests in a darkened corner of the room. Its open door shows two stacks of U.S. currency inside. BAM! The safe door is kicked shut by TREND.

MR. TREND (os)

. . . Please make it quick, I . . .

The CAMERA PANS BACK to MR. TREND's hand. The flame of the match has been burning steadily and is now almost to his fingertips.

MR. TREND

. . . I don't want him to suffer--

CONTINUED

2 Cont'd 1

2

Very faintly over the telephone we heard CRUSH's raucous laughter. The flame is just at MR. TREND's fingertips: his hand rises unhurriedly out of frame.

MR. TREND

. . . and don't call me skipper.

The receiver is slammed down. A pause, then a stream of cigarette smoke engulfs the phone from above.

The CAMERA PANS over to the butt-filled ashtray on the desktop. MR. TREND's hand enters with his barely-smoked cigarette; he mashes it in the tray. Beyond the ashtray is a framed photograph of MRS. TREND: a shrewish-looking-middle-aged woman wearing a bathrobe.

MR. TREND (os)

Helene. . . I'll never let that rat destroy our happiness.

His hand leaves frame, but the mangled end of the cigarette smolders on. Its smoke curls upward, swirling about as it flows into smoke-letters, spelling out the title of the picture:

"THE XYZ MURDERS"

As we hear a door CREAKING open offscreen, a shaft of light sweeps the desktop and the smoke-letters are swished away by the draft of the opening door. TREND turns abruptly, startled. Has he been caught in the act of plotting a murder? At the door is a kindly looking, bald, middle-aged man, DONALD ODEGARD.

ODEGARD

Stepping out for a minute, Ernest.

MR. TREND

Right-o.

ODEGARD

Who were you talking to?

MR. TREND

Uhh. . . Exterminators. There's a, er. . . rat running around here and they're uh. . . coming by to un. . . fix him.

ODEGARD

(jovially)

You mean, "kill him," don't you Ernest?

MR. TREND nods nervously, emitting a strangled cry of agreement.

ODEGARD

(chuckles)

You've always been a weakling, Ernest.

ODEGARD closes the door, restoring the room to darkness.

3

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA - DAY

3

ODEGARD grabs a coat off the rack and slips it on as he walks. We follow ODEGARD with a high tracking shot as he strolls past a succession of about thirty flats not quite reaching the ceiling. A different door is mounted on each flat, and displays a sign promoting a different security system - lock and alarm.

The different security systems include "The Guardian", "Nightwatch", "Bolt-Simple", "Sentinel", "Mister-Safetee", "Secure-All", "Safe 'n Sound", "Sleep Tight", "Bowser", (whose logo displays a jut-jawed bulldog), etc.

The last flat in the track back, that is, the store's front-most flat, has no door but only a broad arcade-like opening. Above the opening is a sign that says; "Please enter...The parade of protection. The safest hallway in the world!"

The camera continues to track with ODEGARD as he passes the parade of protection, grabs a small box from the stock shelf and continues on towards the front of the shop.

4

INT./EXT. SECURITY STORE LOCATION - DAY

4

The lettering reading backwards on the store's plate glass front and reading true in shadow on the floor, identifies the shop as ODEGARD-TREND SECURITY SYSTEMS.

In the front window a mannequin burglar wearing a black felt mask and a fedora is breaking into a phony door with a mannequin of a terrified housewife behind it. There is also a sign which reads "NEW. VIDEO SECURITY SYSTEMS AVAILABLE HERE." Through this front window we can see two men crossing the street from the WATCHTOWER apartment building across the way. One is rather elderly and blind, tapping a white cane on the pavement. This is MR. CORNELIUS. He is holding the elbow of the other man YARMAN, a burly black late middle-aged man in a security guard's uniform. As ODEGARD is stepping out onto the sidewalk, the blind man and the security guard are just reaching his side of the street.

ODEGARD

'Lo there Mr. Cornelious, Mr. Yarman.

CORNELIUS

(gruff but not unpleasant)

Odegard? How the hell are ya. What're you doing out?

5

EXT. SECURITY STORE - DAY

5

ODEGARD

Just going to bring something up to Vic.

ODEGARD rattles the small cardboard box from the stock shelf, which he holds. Suddenly it is pierced by the pointed tip of CORNELIUS' cane. The small box is pulled from ODEGARD's hand and swung around towards CORNELIUS.

CONTINUED

5 Cont'd

5

CORNELIUS

I'll give it to him, save ya a trip. No reason we should both get pneumonia. Unless of course you know a reason. Huh?

CORNELIUS removes the box from the cane's tip.

ODEGARD

(Sternly)

Well thanks anyways, but it's very fragile and . . .

ODEGARD makes a grab for the small box but he is too late. CORNELIUS slides it into the outside breast pocket of his coat.

CORNELIUS

Can't stop to jaw with you fellows now. Got much better ways to waste my time.

MR. CORNELIUS taps away down the sidewalk, pulling a letter-sized envelope out of his coat pocket.

YARMAN

Where you headed?

CORNELIUS

Mailing another letter to my goddamn sister-in-law in Dubuque. . .

He has reached a mailbox, next to which stands a garbage bin with a hinged door at the top.

CORNELIUS

. . . Don't know why I bother, she never writes back.

CORNELIUS gropes for the door of the garbage bin, opens it, and deposits the letter. He taps away, across the street and towards the WATCHTOWER APARTMENTS.

ODEGARD and YARMAN stand watching without reaction. Finally ODEGARD turns to YARMAN.

ODEGARD

You got something to complain about?

YARMAN

Welp. . .

YARMAN actually gives the question some thought.

YARMAN

. . . Uh-huh. I'm worried, Mistah Odegard. Fack is, I'm worried sick.

CONTINUED

5 Cont'd 1

5

ODEGARD

(bored)

Uh-huh.

YARMAN

(chuckling)

I speck you and Mr. Trend gonna put me out of a job one of these days. Gonna invent a 'lectric doorman'. Like they already got in Noo York, make 'em out a computer chips and balin' wire and they don't mind workin' nights-- but then I don't neither, so we're even far as that goes.

ODEGARD

Can't stop the future, Yarman.

YARMAN

(philosophically)

Many have tried.

ODEGARD

But they'll always need someone to handle the trouble.

YARMAN

An' I ricken they'll always be a fair 'mount a that, heh-heh. . . Cameras all rigged up now, is they?

ODEGARD

Almost.

He points to a lighted third-floor window across the street.

ODEGARD (cont'd)

. . . Vic should be working on the first of the hook-ups in the Trends' apartment right now.

The CAMERA starts TRACKING UP along the axis of ODEGARD's pointed arm, towards the third-floor window. As we leave the two men we hear:

YARMAN

Smart man that Mr. Trend, livin' straight across from his place a bidnis. Sees someone breakin' in he can send his wife over to stop 'em. Then whichy-ever gets show he just gotta come out ahead heh-heh-heh.

As we track upward a city bus swooshes through frame.

6

EXT. TREND APARTMENT STUDIO WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - DAY

6

The tail end of the bus finishes moving through frame. As we approach the apartment window we can hear a TV newscast coming from inside. A black cat sits next to a flowerpot on the windowsill. The cat arches its back and hisses, reacting to something offscreen inside the apartment. It jumps down off the sill as we track into the apartment. A middle-aged woman in a bathrobe, MRS. TREND, stands in front of the TV watching a weather report.

CONTINUED

WEATHERMAN

. . .a not very pleasant mixture of wind and rain. Our accuweather forecast is that the storm will last most of the night.

SPRIGHTLY ANCHORWOMAN (os)

We oughta get ourselves a new weatherman!

There is newsroom laughter.

WEATHERMAN

Whoa, Jackie, not until you pay this one!

There is louder newsroom laughter.

SPRIGHTLY ANCHORWOMAN

I guess that's fair enough, thanks Wally. Coming up in a moment; multiple slaying in Morristown, Tennessee and Stanley reviews "The Boom-Boom Room."

MRS. TREND, standing in the middle of the room staring at the TV, is apparently the only person in the room. When she talks, it seems as though she is talking to the TV set.

MRS. TREND

That storm's not going to do my lumbago any good. I have two lovely nephews, Hughie and Louie. Hughie is a few years older than Louie; Louis is very shy, but he likes handball. Ernest was never able to give me children--

She does an abrupt take, her attention caught by something on the floor down out of frame. Her mouth stretches wide and she cuts loose with an ear-splitting SCREAM, staring in horror down at the floor.

VIC is rising from behind the television set, at the back of which he has been working. He is a good looking young man dressed in work boots, Sears Ban-Lon Sans-A-Belt work pants, shirt and clip-on tie. Around his waist he wears a little carpenter's apron stuffed with implements for installing electronic gear. In the breast pocket of his shirt there is a plastic pocket-guard containing pencils and ballpoint pens. He looks stoically offscreen at the ever-screaming MRS. TREND. He does not react, except to shift his eyes, at the offscreen sounds of her frenzied movement.

We finally cut to the SCREAMING MRS. TREND. She stands on top of a couple of boxes which she has piled atop a chair, staring at a rat which the cat has cornered. VIC walks over and snags the rat by its tail.

MRS. TREND

Kill it! Kill it!

VIC

Ho no. We're all God's creatures, Mrs. Trend . . .

He casually flips the rat out the window.

7 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - DAY 7

The rat lands on its feet on the pavement, sniffs, and scurries away.

8 INT. TREND APARTMENT - DAY 8

MRS. TREND steps down off the boxes. VIC is walking over to the TV set.

VIC

. . . Of course, if they're sick they have to be destroyed.

He flips the channel selector. A black-and-white image of the third floor hallway replaces the color newscast.

MRS. TREND

Victor, that's our hallway!

VIC

Yep, she's rarin' to go . . .

He begins packing up his gear.

VIC

. . . All the cameras are hooked up--

A light "PING" comes from the TV speaker and the image changes from the third floor hallway to the downstairs lobby. MRS. TREND emits a delighted hoot. Just tap-tap-tapping into the lobby is MR. CORNELIUS.

MRS. TREND

It's the lobby! Why did it change like that?

VIC

The cameras are sound-activated . . .

MRS. TREND is staring at the TV set with the same obsessive fascination she had previously given the rat.

VIC

. . . As soon as I fix the lobby camera it'll move to any noise.

MRS. TREND

That's very clever, Victor.

VIC

State of the art, Mrs. Trend. This system'll do everything except fold the laundry . .

MRS. TREND lets out a hooting laugh. VIC has finished packing his gear.

VIC

. . . You know my aunt Alicia has the lumbago too--

8 Cont'd

8

MRS. TREND

(suddenly serious)

Oh Victor, sometimes it hurts so bad I wonder whether
the good Lord even means for me to carry on. . .

Suddenly, it seems, afflicted by lumbago, she staggers over to a chair and
collapses in it.

MRS. TREND

. . . I can barely move when the weather gets violent.

VIC

You must be a very brave woman--you certainly maintain
a beautiful home in spite of it. My aunt Alicia says
it helps to rub cold cream on the affected area. . .

MRS. TREND lets out an abrupt hoot, as if Vic has just suggested something
naughty.

MRS. TREND

(shaking a finger at him)

It's a good thing my husband's still at work. He's a
very old-fashioned man.

The camera tracks in front of VIC as he heads for the door.

VIC

And a very lucky one too. I'd better get down and fix
that lobby camera.

9

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA - DAY

9

MRS. TREND is left sitting forlornly in the middle of the living room as VIC opens
the apartment door.

MRS. TREND

(sadly)

Sure I can't interest you in some pot roast?

VIC

(shaking his head sadly)

Don't tempt me, ma'am. I know how much you and
Mr. Trend must look forward to your quiet dinners
at home.

As he exits MRS. TREND is waving this away.

MRS. TREND

Oh, that old fuddy. . .

He closes the door behind him. Now in the third floor hallway, we can see a
camera mounted up near the ceiling at the end of the hall. He glances back at the
camera, holds up his right hand and snaps his fingers. The red light on top of the

CONTINUED

9 Cont'd

9

camera immediately lights up and we hear a soft WHIR as the camera pans to the source of the noise. VIC waves at the camera. From inside the Trends' apartment we can hear the muffled, hooting laughter of MRS. TREND. The camera tracks in front of VIC as he turns and walks to the elevator bank. He is nodding and muttering to himself.

VIC

One lucky man. . . just hope he keeps that romance alive. . . Maybe it's time I found myself a wife. Romance. That's really what it's all about. It's what makes planet Earth more than just some spinning ball of muck.

10

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR AREA - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

10

We hear the elevator door opening. VIC is watching the hall camera mounted above him as he moves toward the open elevator--and collides full force with the man who is exiting. A white tipped cane swings up into frame.

CORNELIUS

Goddamnit--stand aside!!

VIC

Terribly sorry Mr. Cornelius--

CORNELIUS

Victor. You hooking up the TV sets?

VIC is brushing him off.

VIC

Just the Trends' apartment today. I'll be doing the rest on this floor tomorrow morning. Terribly so--

CORNELIUS

Good. Woman was damn near assaulted here yesterday. Good thing she's a slapper.

DING. The elevator indicator flashes on. The elevator door is starting to close with VIC still in the hallway. MR. CORNELIUS casually flips his cane back and its tip strikes the door open button. The door recoils open.

CORNELIUS (cont'd)

Oh! Your boss wanted me to give you this.

He withdraws the small box from his breast pocket. VIC takes the box and removes the part from inside. A neat hole has been punctured in the center rendering it useless.

CORNELIUS (cont'd)

(turning to go)

Don't bother thankin' me. Won't buy me a cup of coffee.

CONTINUED

10 Cont'd

10

He starts tapping down the hall as VIC steps into the elevator. The elevator door is closing behind him. Just before it closes all the way:

RODGERS (os)

Hold it! Hold it!

VIC's fingers appear between the frame and the recoil bumper of the elevator. The door springs back open revealing MR. RODGERS as he closes the door to his apartment and locks it. He hurries into the open elevator. He is a bulky middle-aged man with a completely bald--one would almost say muscular--head. Now that both are inside, the elevator doors close.

11

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

11

RODGERS is gazing fixedly at the front of the elevator, his hands clasped smartly behind his back. His eyes remain locked in place even as he talks to VIC.

VIC

How're you tonight, Colonel?

RODGERS

(crisply)

Adequate. One mother-lovin' hell of a storm brewing. Know how I can tell?

VIC

Uh. . .no?

We hear a light PING and the floor number changes from 3 to 2.

RODGERS

(still staring front and center)

The steel plate in my head.

There is a pause, during which we hear only the hum of the elevator. We hear a light PING and the floor number changes from 2 to 1. RODGERS stares straight ahead.

RODGERS (cont'd)

. . .Yessir. Korea was not a picnic.

The elevator door opens and the camera tracks back in front of RODGERS and VIC as they exit. It pans with them as they pass into the lobby and then follows them from behind. RODGERS is heading for the plate glass front door.

RODGERS (cont'd)

(without looking back at VIC)

Word of advice, son; when you hook up 3G don't flirt with the filly that lives there. . .

He opens the front door.

CONTINUED

11 Cont'd

11

RODGERS (cont'd)

...She'll slap ya quicker'n you can say "present arms." Yessir. There's one woman that can take care of herself.

The door swings shut behind him. The wind has begun to pick up outside. As predicted, it looks like a big storm is brewing.

VIC

Yes sir.

He has taken his work stool from a corner of the lobby and now places it under the lobby camera, which faces the front door. He is muttering to himself as he climbs up.

12

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY OPTICAL MATTE EFFECT - DAY

12

VIC rises into frame and starts working on the camera.

VIC

...Taking care of yourself, that's important. But two people taking care of each other...that's romance...The perfect woman...of course, she doesn't just walk into your life; she--

He is adjusting the focus ring. Reflected in the camera lens we--and VIC--see a beautiful pair of (NANCY'S) legs crossing the street towards him. VIC whips his head around to look directly out the door.

VIC (cont'd)

--Holy moly...

13

INT/EXT APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

13

Because of his height on the stool, the top of the glass door crops his view of the legs' owner. However as she approaches, more and more of her becomes visible. Just as the legs are almost across the street, they spin to their left in response to a muffled SCREECH. The RAT-CAR skids to a stop bare inches from NANCY. She falls backwards.

VIC

...Holy...

VIC jumps down from his stool, the camera craning down with him, and runs across the lobby.

VIC (cont'd)

...Moly...

As he flings open the door we can faintly hear raucous laughter coming from the station wagon.

CONTINUED

VIC

...You maniacs!

As the door swings shut behind him it cuts off all but the loudest noises from the street. The next scene is played out almost as a silent movie.

VIC helps the shaken NANCY to her feet. For the first time we are able to see her face. Her disheveled state only adds to her beauty. NANCY's shoe has been knocked off in the fall. VIC kneels and slips it onto her foot with the utmost care.

The RAT-CAR honks as it pulls out and passes VIC and NANCY, its occupants still laughing and shouting raucously. VIC cups his hands to his mouth to shout after the disappearing vehicle. In his muffled shout only the word "maniacs" is intelligible.

VIC escorts NANCY to the front door. He pulls at the door: it is locked. NANCY, behind him, reaches into her purse and hands him a key. He drops it. Both of them bend down for it and CLUNK heads. They straighten up, VIC flashing NANCY a warm smile, she returning a strained one.

VIC bends down to pick up the key again just as NANCY squats down to pick it up. Her protruding knee CLUNKS his forehead. They straighten up. VIC smiles again; NANCY wearily shakes her head. VIC gives her a go-ahead gesture to pick up the keys. She does so.

As she is opening the door we see the RAT-CAR backing silently into frame. The entire length of the vehicle is now in view. Painted on its side is the logo CENTER CITY EXTERMINATORS. A huge rat with x's for eyes is clutching in agony at his throat. On top of the van is a large plastic rat which appears as if it is ready to pounce.

Neither VIC nor NANCY hear the RAT-CAR or see the driver getting out. The driver, FARON CRUSH, is a large pug-faced man with a crewcut. He walks up to VIC just as NANCY precedes him through the door. With the opening of the door we can once again hear all noises from the street.

CRUSH taps VIC on the shoulder.

CRUSH

One more thing, skipper. . .

He points a threatening finger at VIC. The finger is perhaps three inches from VIC's unflinching eye.

CRUSH (cont'd)

...Don't you ever call me a maniac.

The finger abruptly folds back into the fist. The fist rises up into the air as the knuckle of the middle finger protrudes from it slightly. The fist darts downward to rabbit RELENTLESS PUNCH punch VIC's eye--all in a split second. VIC staggers back into the lobby, assisted by NANCY. We hear raucous laughter from the station wagon. CRUSH strides back to the RAT-CAR, climbs in and drives off.

NANCY

Are you all right?

13 Cont'd 1

13

VIC
(shrugging it off)
Oh yeah . . .

An awkward pause. VIC is incredibly "first-date" nervous. He frantically spins his wrench in his hand. He places it quickly in and out of his pockets. He doesn't know what to say. Finally, a sudden brainstorm:

VIC (cont'd)
. . .Are you all right?

NANCY
Me? Yes.

VIC smiles. NANCY smiles back. Another silence. NANCY turns to go.

VIC
(Out of nowhere)
--Excuse me?

NANCY
(turning back)
What?

VIC
I thought you said something.

NANCY
No.

VIC
(nods with great understanding)
Ahhh. . .

NANCY
(as she turns again to leave)
Well, thanks again.

VIC's face suddenly lights up: he has an idea for breaking the ice.

VIC
Don't bother thanking me; it won't buy me a cup of coffee!

NANCY turns back again to give him a quizzical look. VIC is beaming. As she stares at him, his smile slowly evaporates.

VIC
. . .That is to say, could I buy you a cup of coffee?

NANCY
(Her face clears)
I'm sorry, no.

VIC
(blurting)
--Or a nice gift?

CONTINUED

13 Cont'd 2

13

NANCY

(Puzzled again)

...What?

VIC

(grasping at straws)

Are you free for dinner?

NANCY

No.

VIC

All right, now think about this one before you answer:
Have you ever thought that planet earth is more than just
some spinning ball of --

NANCY

No.

VIC

--muck?

She is already on her way to the elevator. After a couple of steps NANCY hears a rhythmic CLUNK-SHUFFLE behind her. She freezes. She turns slowly back to look at the sound. VIC is shuffling after her with one foot caught inside a steel janitor's bucket. VIC looks sheepishly up from his foot to NANCY. For a moment VIC pretends that nothing extraordinary has happened, but he can't seem to shake the thing from his foot in a subtle manner. In an attempt to gain some lost dignity VIC smiles and straightens his tie. The tie comes off in VIC's hand, revealing itself to be a clip-on. Embarrassed, he looks at it, then starts twirling it as he takes one more bucket-step towards her.

VIC

You probably think I'm some kind of jerk--

The clip of his twirling tie catches in the V-front of NANCY's blouse. As she struggles to unhook the tie, VIC takes another bucket-step forward.

VIC

Here, let me help you with that ...

The confused tugging of the four hands ends when VIC finally pulls away the tie. Swinging from its clip-on end is NANCY's brassiere.

An OLD WOMAN at the back of the lobby wearing a large hat with a rolled-up veil and carrying a schnauzer on a leash, lifts her hand to her forehead and SCREAMS. VIC, still embarrassed but still trying to be helpful, reaches to try and hook the bra around her back. NANCY slaps him, snatches the bra out of VIC's hand and heads angrily for the elevators. VIC clumps after her.

VIC

Is there anything else I can do for you?

13 Cont'd 3

13

As she steps into the elevator and turns to face him, her voice is angrily deliberate:

GIRL

Mister, this is one woman who can take care of herself.

VIC

But, are you sure I can't -

NANCY

I'm positive.

The door glides shut and the elevator hums away. VIC is smiling as he rubs the cheek that NANCY slapped. There is a dreamy look in his eye.

VIC

I think she likes me.

14

EXT. DETROIT STORM SKYLINE (EFFECTS/COMPOSITE) - TWILIGHT

14

A romantic theme soars delicately on the soundtrack as we look at the twinkling lights of the city. However, the lover's theme suddenly modulates to a more ominous one as dark storm clouds boil in over the camera towards the city, spitting lightning and rain.

15

EXT. DETROIT STREET (EFFECTS/COMPOSITE) - TWILIGHT

15

The camera is slowly tracking along a Detroit city block. We are tracking with a miniature wind eddie which is like a small scale hurricane moving along the street. In its center it carries dust, candy wrappers and leaves. In the block behind it, TEN PEDESTRIANS scurry for shelter. They wrap coats about their necks and pull broken umbrellas along behind them. The OPTICAL EFFECT of a large shadow from the storm clouds above is seen as it sweeps over the face of the buildings in the background.

16

EXT. DETROIT BUILDINGS (EFFECTS/COMPOSITE) - TWILIGHT

16

The camera is static, looking upward at twin buildings. A WOMAN frantically reels in a line of laundry. A flock of birds come screaming through the frame to escape the oncoming storm. The WOMAN halts her work and looks above her. FAST MOTION clouds boil in above the rooftops of the buildings. Debris blows by in the foreground.

17

EXT. APARTMENT WINDOWS - TWILIGHT

17

The camera is static, looking up at one apartment window. As the shadow of a cloud sweeps across the exterior of the building, a RESIDENT comes to the window and slams it shut. Candy wrappers and leaves fly past in the foreground.

Another angle. RESIDENT #2 slams another apartment window shut. More wind and cloud shadow passing effect. A lightning flash.

18 EXT. GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING - TWILIGHT 18

Wide, static shot of these buildings. A flash of lightning. A small dot of a newspaper caught in the wind sweeps toward us. Another blast of lightning as the camera swish pans with the paper as it moves past us.

19 EXT. ALLEY - TWILIGHT 19

Camera is swish-panning with newspaper as a blast of lightning illuminates it. Camera comes out of swish-pan and begins to TRACK VERY QUICKLY behind this newspaper as it is sucked into and swept down an alley-way. We follow it past trash cans, past a SEWER GRATING belching steam, until it finally gets close enough to read "STORM TO HIT CITY!!" The camera now lets the newspaper blow on out of frame and we halt on an old tin can in the rear of the alley. The shadows of RATS move across the wall behind the can. Then the shadows of larger RATS. Finally the RATS themselves enter frame. Their little rat snouts quiver as they catch the scent of the approaching storm. As two hard headlight beams sweep over the RATS, they quickly scatter.

20 EXT. RAT CAR DRIVING - NIGHT 20

This is the vehicle whose headlights scattered the rats. We are TRACKING on the large plastic rat atop the van. At night its large pink eyes glow, electrically illuminated. From inside the van we can faintly hear two ongoing male SCREAMS.

Still TRACKING, we TILT DOWN through the windshield as the SCREAMS grow louder. They emanate from the two men in the front seat, FARON CRUSH and ARTHUR CODDISH. CRUSH, driving, is the bigger and burlier of the two; he is the man who earlier punched VIC. CODDISH has the emaciated, runny-nosed look of a confirmed addict. Their howls continue.

21 INT. RAT CAR DRIVING - NIGHT 21

CRUSH's hand is pushing hard at the door of the glove compartment, trying to push it shut. It will not shut, however, because CODDISH's hand is caught inside. Their howls continue.

22 EXT. RAT CAR DRIVING - NIGHT 22

We can now tell that CRUSH IS howling with laughter, tears of merriment streaming down his face, while CODDISH is howling with pain. Their howls continue. Another bolt of lightning.

23 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 23

Looking down over MRS. TREND'S shoulder we can see the harshly illuminated RAT CAR passing in the street below. Very faintly, we hear the receding howls. Because of the advertisement atop the car, it appears as though a giant rat is prowling the rain-slicked city streets. MRS. TREND watches as the car draws near the alley that runs along the side of the security store across the street. Parked at the mouth of the alley is a '73 DELTA 88 OLDSMOBILE.

24 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - (STUDIO) - NIGHT 24

The lightning subsides. MRS. TREND looks to street.

25 EXT. SECURITY STORE (APARTMENT P.O.V.) - NIGHT 25

Another flash of lightning reveals the street to be . . .EMPTY.

26 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - STUDIO-NIGHT 26

MRS. TREND cranes forward.

MRS. TREND

. . .Where did that car go?

27 INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT 27

MR. TREND is sitting at the table, poking nervously at the untouched food on the plate in front of him. He looks apprehensively over at his wife.

MR. TREND

Come away from the window, dear.

She doesn't budge.

MR. TREND (cont'd)

Helene, your food's getting cold.

MRS. TREND

(still at the window)

. . .Isn't that Mr. Odegard's car down there?

28 EXT. SECURITY STORE (CLOSER P.O.V.) - NIGHT 28

MR. ODEGARD'S car in alley by store.

29 INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT 29

MR. TREND

Honey, this roast is absolutely delicious.

MRS. TREND is reaching for a pair of binoculars on a table next to the window.

MRS. TREND

. . .Is Mr. Odegard working late tonight?

MR. TREND is rubbing his temples.

CONTINUED

29 Cont'd

29

MR. TREND

No no, he went home. To eat his dinner. He was very hungry and he went home--

MRS. TREND

Well it looks like there's a light on down there. . .

She is lifting the binoculars to her eyes.

30

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

30

A blurred MED SHOT of MR. ODEGARD in the shop is slowly brought into focus. He is going over some papers at his desk.

31

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

31

MRS. TREND

He's still there, honey, and it's after seven o'clock.

MR. TREND becomes more and more nervous. His hands are working at something down out of frame. We hear a cracking-tearing sound and bread flakes and sesame seeds fly up into frame. Mr. Trend jams a hard roll into his mouth. He takes a couple of morose chews. The roll forms a big bulge in one cheek. It muffles his speech.

MR. TREND

. . .I didn't know he was still there, honey. I didn't know that Mr. Odegard would be working late tonight.

MRS. TREND

You know what that means?

MR. TREND

. . .it's a surprise to me. . .

MRS. TREND

(mounting hysteria)

If he's working late and he didn't tell you, he's probably finalizing the sale!!

MR. TREND

. . .it's a total su----

He jerks his head up as his wife's remark registers.

MR. TREND (cont'd)

--Huh? On no, dear, he wouldn't sell the shop without consulting me. I should say not. Don't you worry about that, Helene--

MRS. TREND

(shrilly)

Don't worry?! Don't worry?! When you know he's planning to sell the business you devoted the most years of your life?!

CONTINUED

31 Cont'd

31

MR. TREND is staring dully down at his plate, his cheek still bulging, his speech still muffled.

MR. TREND

Don't worry, he wouldn't do that--

MRS. TREND's "worries" are now coming out as piercing little shrieks.

MRS. TREND

Don't worry?! When we're shivering out on the streets selling roasted pretzels then can I worry?!

MR. TREND

. . . wouldn't be the end of the world--

MRS. TREND

Does the world have to end before I can WORRY?!

MR. TREND has gotten up and walked out of frame. From offscreen we hear a "thwuh" spitting sound followed by a thud. MR. TREND reenters frame. His cheek is no longer bulging.

MR. TREND

(dully)

. . . Whatever happens. . . happens.

MRS. TREND

(piercingly shrill)

Whuddayou, a philosophuh?! . . .

She is reaching for the binoculars again.

32

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

32

ODEGARD still at his desk. Some movement in the shadows behind him.

33

INT. TREND APARTMENT (CRANE SHOT) - NIGHT

33

MRS. TREND

Wait. . .

She is looking through the window again. MR. TREND's forehead is beading with perspiration. He takes a cigarette from a pack on the table and absently taps it against a box of matches. Boom. Rattle.

MR. TREND

Honey. . .

MRS. TREND

I think he's . . .

CONTINUED

33 Cont'd

33

MR. TREND

(more urgent)

Honey. . .

Boom. Rattle.

MRS. TREND

. . .working on the sale. . .

Boom. Rattle.

MR. TREND

Honey . . .

MRS. TREND

I'm going down there--

34

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

MR. TREND

Get away from that GODDAMN WINDOW!

MRS. TREND abruptly wheels away from the window to stare, aghast, at her husband.

35

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT

35

A figure emerges from the shadows. ODEGARD looks up from his papers. The SHOCKER, a toaster-oven sized jerry-rigged electrical contraption with knobs, buttons and wires all over, is switched on. A VOLTAGE METER indicates a surge of power, and other indicators climb into the danger zone as the SHOCKER winds into gear. Old style radio vacuum tubes glow red. Pistons grind, gear wheels turn, atop the SHOCKER a steam whistle comes alive HOOTING a jet of hot steam. "HOOOOOOOT!"

Electricity leaps to and fro on the coils of the SHOCKER. ODEGARD watches in horror as this machine is brought closer to him. His EYEGLASSES, unable to take the voltage, shatter. Electrical cables are applied to his neck. A shower of sparks.

36

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA (PROCESS) - NIGHT

36

STATIC EXTREME CLOSE UP of ODEGARD's eyeball as electricity races across the surface.

37

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT

37

The table lamp is tipped over, the bulb shatters in a flash of blue, and then-- blackness inside the shop.

38

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

38

SLOW MOTION of MR. TREND'S fist slams down on the box of matches. He stands at the table staring at her, swaying slightly, his eyes unfocused. He starts to collect himself, looks absently down at the table, starts picking up matches and putting them back into the box whose seams are now burst.

MR. TREND

I'm sorry dear. . . I'll go down. . . You can't go out
with your lumbago. . . I'll see what's going on. . .

He has the slumped, worked-over look of a squeezed lemon. He mournfully puts on his brown tweed overcoat and heads for the door as his wife looks on, still too startled to speak. MR. TREND turns dolefully at the open door.

MR. TREND

I'm sorry dear. . . You eat your roast. . . remember what
I said. . . didn't realize he'd be working late tonight
. . . total surprise to me. . . complete surprise. . .

Still muttering, he shuts the door behind him. MRS. TREND stands staring at the door for a moment, then turns back to the window, shaking her head. As she raises the binoculars back up to her eyes:

MRS. TREND

Men. . .

She lets out a falsetto hoot.

39

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

39

The darkened window of Odegard-Trend Security mirrors the empty street. She pans from the window, past the Oldsmobile parked in the alleyway next to the store, to a pool of blackness.

40

EXT. RIALTO CAFE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

40

From the blackness, camera pans to front window of cafe. Eating dinner at a window table are NANCY and a dapperly dressed man. They are arguing; NANCY is just winding up to deliver a slap.

41

INT. RIALTO CAFE - NIGHT

41

Just as NANCY finishes delivering a resounding slap to the face of the man seated across from her. The shot is a 180-degree reversal of the preceding shot, showing us the opposite profiles of NANCY and her companion, the plate glass front of the restaurant beyond them, and the street and Watchtower Apartments through the glass. After the slap, we SWISH PAN to:

42

INT. RIALTO BAR - NIGHT

42

The SWISH PAN ends in a CLOSE SHOT of VIC, seated at the bar, lowering a glass of milk from his face as he turns to look, reacting to the sound of the slap. His left eye is bruised from the RELENTLESS PUNCH he received earlier.

As he rises he wipes a milk mustache from his lips. He resolutely sets his glass of milk onto the bar in the foreground. In the background shot glasses and tumblers full of assorted liquors stretch down the bar.

43

INT. RIALTO CAFE - NIGHT

43

VIC, walking as if he means business, heads for NANCY's table. His tracking POV shows NANCY and her companion still arguing. The man is rising to his feet.

NANCY

(hotly)

I'm not that kind of girl.

HEEL

With a little practice you could learn to be.

She hoists her drink and tosses it, aiming for his face. The HEEL ducks and VIC arrives at the table just in time to be drenched by the drink. The heel straightens up and glances over his shoulder at VIC.

HEEL

Nice tie. . .

He casually flips the check over on the table. As he digs into his pocket and flips some bills onto the table:

HEEL

. . .Seventy-six dollars. Here's Forty. We'll pretend I had the appetizer. Call me a sport.

VIC

(wiping the drink from his eyes)

I'd call you a heel.

HEEL

So I'm a heel, so what of it? Who're you?

VIC

Maybe I'm just a guy who hates heels.

HEEL

Maybe I'm a heel who hates guys who hate heels.

VIC

Yeh? Well maybe I'm--

CONTINUED

43 Cont'd

43

The HEEL's fist flies into frame to collide with VIC's dripping face and send him sprawling. He lands on another table, knocking it over.

HEEL

Maybe. Call me some time and we'll discuss it.

Exit the HEEL. NANCY bursts into tears. CHINESE BUSBOY #1 and #2 set the table right again. VIC's hand rises into frame over the edge of the table. He hauls himself up into the chair vacated by the HEEL, his other hand pressed to the eye hit both by the heel and, before that, by the maniac from the Rat Car, CRUSH. VIC plunges his hand into a dish filled with crushed ice and presses the ice to his eye. Baby shrimp stick out among the pieces of ice. NANCY stops sobbing for a moment to look up at VIC. Taking in the picture he presents, she sighs and resumes sobbing.

Between them, through the window, we can see MR. TREND emerging from the apartment building across the street.

44

EXT. RIALTO CAFE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

44

Trained on the figures of VIC and NANCY. The out-of-focus image of MR. TREND enters the binoculars' field of vision in the street below. He enters a pool of blackness.

45

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

45

The binoculars change focus for MR. TREND and follow him past the back alleyway to the door of the security shop. He tries the front door. It is locked. He turns and does a stage shrug up toward the binoculars.

46

EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT

46

Close shot MRS. TREND. She lowers the binoculars with some exasperation.

MRS. TREND

(stage whisper)

Go on!

She motions him on with a vigorous waving of her arms--and almost falls out the window. She grabs frantically at the sill and upsets the flowerpot that rests there.

47

INT. TREND APARTMENT (LOCATION) - NIGHT

47

LOOKING DOWN. She manages to grab it before it falls.

48

EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - (STUDIO) - NIGHT

48

MRS. TREND sets it back into its upright position.

49 EXT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT 49

MR. TREND fits a key into the lock of the security shop. He disappears into the blackness of the shop's interior.

50 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT 50

The sound of him slamming the door brings MRS. TREND to and she trains her binoculars on the shop.

51 EXT. SECURITY SHOP (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 51

MR. TREND is just turning on a light in the shop.

52 INT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT 52

As MR. TREND's hand drops from the pull-chain of the overhead light. The light slowly sways and creaks, giving unstable shadows to MR. TREND and that part of the room that it illuminates.

MR. TREND looks and the CAMERA PANS to show his point of view: by ODEGARD's desk a chair lies on its side. Smoke wafts up from something near the chair. MR. TREND rights the chair and stoops to examine the source of the smoke: ODEGARD's glasses, their frame fantastically twisted by heat, their lenses shattered and melted at the edges.

Horrified, MR. TREND backs away until he is stopped by a wall of the shop. He stands frozen as the enormity of his deed penetrates the ivory dome. Suddenly his eyes snap to the front window as he remembers that his wife is watching. He forces out a sick smile, then begins a cursory look around the shop. It is more a show for his wife than a real search.

MR. TREND

(muttering)

. . .Sure, they must be gone by now. Made it quick. . .

53 INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT 53

MR. TREND now moves past the store front window and sees MRS. TREND across the street looking down at him with her binoculars. He pauses there a moment and waves to her.

MR. TREND

. . .no witnesses. . .why no, officer, I couldn't say where he is. . .

he continues his fake search, still muttering.

54

INT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT

54

MR. TREND

...Enemies? None that I knew of—know of...Donald was very much beloved by all...Of course, I'm sure he's all right...

MR. TREND is pulling back a closet curtain to reveal, hanging upside-down inside, the body of MR. ODEGARD. As MR. TREND is only going through the motions of a search, he doesn't even bother to look inside before closing the curtain again, and doesn't see MR. ODEGARD's immobile face, smoking fringe of hair, and char-streaked bald head.

Continuing his ramble:

MR. TREND

. . .Murdered? (an affected laugh of disbelief) Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

His fake search concluded, MR. TREND moves back to the desk and dials a number on the telephone.

55

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT (Filmed in backwards motion)

55

The apartment telephone rings. MRS. TREND sets the binoculars down on the windowsill and leaves frame to answer the phone. The camera slowly tracks in on one of the binocular's eyeholes. The viewer fills the frame with a meaningless blur for a moment and then . . .

56

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

56

The image of MR. TREND standing at the desk in the store snaps into crystal clarity.

Offscreen we hear MRS. TREND carrying on her half of the phone conversation; onscreen we see MR. TREND silently carrying on his;

MRS. TREND (os)

Ernest? . . . But he's got to be; his car's still there.

Through the binoculars we see CODDISH rise abruptly from a counter in the store. MR. TREND, facing the front window, does not see and apparently does not hear him.

MRS. TREND (os)

. . . If he went out to eat I would've seen him. . .

CODDISH is sneaking silently toward MR. TREND, moving briefly through patches of light and disappearing again into the prevailing shadows.

MRS. TREND (os)

. . .Why would he use the back door? . . .

CODDISH is drawing closer.

CONTINUED

56 Cont'd

56

MRS. TREND (os)

. . . No, I don't expect you to know everything. . .

CODDISH has now disappeared into the shadow closest to MR. TREND--perhaps a couple of feet away.

MRS. TREND (os)

(a tinge of irritation)

. . . All right, come on back, your dinner's getting cold.

We hear her hanging up the phone. We see MR. TREND hanging up his phone. He heads for the front of the shop, passing through CODDISH's shadowed area. He does not emerge.

We see a sharp flash, followed by a shower of sparks in the darkness. Then flames. The downward arc of the flames tells us that the blazing object has dropped to the floor.

57

EXT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT

57

Sharp electrical flashes glare out through the shops front window creating intermittent manequin shadows on the street.

58

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT - LOCATION

58

At the cut we hear a very loud CHCHCHCHWHHHOOOOSSHHH. MR. TREND's inert body lies on the floor, flames licking off the back of his overcoat. A stream of white powder-dust and then the nozzle of a fire-extinguisher enter frame. The carbon dioxide extinguisher smothers the flames and as it is turned off the loud WHOOOOSSHHH subsides. Forlorn wisps of smoke waft off of TREND's charred back. CUT TO:

We are in a tight shot of a plastic apparatus fixed into the ceiling. Written in black letters are the words SMOKE ALERT. We watch as a puff of smoke drifts up to it. The alarm comes to life screaming; WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--a hand enters frame, envelopes the alarm and slowly closes to a fist, crushing the alarm to bits of spring and dust--the screeching abruptly halts; --EEEEP. The hand rips the remaining bits of alarm from the ceiling. We follow the hand down revealing its owner; CRUSH. He and CODDISH stand facing each other in shadow.

CODDISH stands with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He raises two cables into frame, one in either hand, and touches their ends together. Arcing current and sparks fly with the electrical connection; CODDISH lights his cigarette off of them. He reaches down to hit the Off switch on his SHOCKER. The VU needle hums down to zero. CRUSH calmly plucks the lit cigarette out of CODDISH's mouth and hands it back to him.

CRUSH

Hold this.

CRUSH rolls up his sleeve.

CONTINUED

58 Cont'd

58

CRUSH

. . . What the hell did you fry him for?

On "hell" he slaps CODDISH smartly on the face. CODDISH rubs his cheek and puts the cigarette back in his mouth.

CODDISH

I thought the guy said no witnesses.

CRUSH once again plucks the cigarette out and hands it back to CODDISH.

CRUSH

Hold this.

CODDISH screws up his face in anticipation of the slap. CRUSH holds back, sizing up the situation, and then, as he sends his fist rocketing into CODDISH's belly:

CRUSH

You think too much.

CRUSH hoists a body-shaped burlap bag to his shoulder. On the bag is stenciled CENTER CITY EXTERMINATORS along with the logo of the dead rat. CODDISH is grabbing MR. TREND by the ankles.

CRUSH

(a thought occurs)

Ya know . . .

CODDISH is starting to back away towards the rear of the shop, dragging MR. TREND.

CRUSH (cont'd)

. . . for all we know, that's the guy that hired us.

CODDISH stops dragging MR. TREND, thinks about this for a moment, looks down at the man he holds by both ankles, looks back up at CRUSH.

CODDISH

Tell 'em no extra charge.

They both break into a gruff bout of laughter. CRUSH stops laughing first, and stares at the still chortling CODDISH, who has resumed dragging MR. TREND towards the back of the shop.

CRUSH

Arthur . . .

He shakes his head sadly.

CRUSH (cont'd)

. . . sometimes I just gotta shake my head and wonder.

59

INT. RIALTO BAR - NIGHT

59

The HEEL sits at the bar next to a beautiful BLONDE in a low-cut dress.

HEEL

I haven't seen you in here before. . .

He drains the rest of his drink.

HEEL

. . . I like that in a woman.

The BLONDE giggles.

BLONDE

You're cute.

HEEL

Keep talking, baby -- maybe you'll tell me something I don't already know.

The HEEL turns down the bar.

HEEL

Set 'em up, bartender. One for me. . .

He looks at the BLONDE.

HEEL (cont'd)

. . . and one for Miss Right.

60

INT. RIALTO CAFE - NIGHT

60

NANCY fumes as she watches the HEEL. VIC is droning on, unaware that NANCY is not paying attention:

VIC

. . . and that was when I enrolled in the Dunwoody Vocational Technical Institute, to get a good solid background in installation and repairs. I figured it was a sensible career move, what with their job placement program being what it is,

NANCY's eyes are still on the HEEL, who is walking towards the door of the cafe with the BLONDE. He is nuzzling her neck as they walk. The BLONDE throws back her head and emits a merry peal of laughter. The HEEL is looking past her shoulder at NANCY.

VIC

. . . and of course it's an exciting field . . .

CONTINUED

60 Cont'd

60

His drone is cut short when NANCY throws her arms around him and plants a kiss squarely on his lips. She is looking past his shoulder at the HEEL and BLONDE, who continue their amorous walk across the cafe. NANCY is maneuvering herself and VIC so that she can keep the HEEL in view as he walks: she sweeps VIC the length of their table, knocking bottles and glasses to the floor. The HEEL stops at the coat-check desk at the front of the cafe to retrieve his coat. As soon as he looks away from NANCY, she releases VIC. Her eyes remain fixed on the HEEL as VIC tries to pick up the thread:

VIC

(stammering)

... and I m-m-m-mainly w-w-work with elec-elec-electrisssssity
and I g-g-guess we all know that in th-th-the right hands ...

He is reaching to put an arm around her.

VIC (Cont'd)

... electricity is our f-f-f-friend ...

NANCY is still staring at the HEEL. The moment she feels VIC's hand on her shoulder she reaches absently back to slap him. VIC massages his cheek. The slap has cured his speech impediment.

VIC

You're a fascinating creature.

The HEEL now has his coat and is turning in NANCY's direction in order to leave the cafe. NANCY violently siezes VIC and starts kissing him again. VIC's eyes open wide. The HEEL and BLONDE leave the cafe. NANCY drops VIC. His head drops back into a plate of spaghetti.

VIC

... Wow!

61

EXT. RIALTO CAFE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

61

The HEEL and the BLONDE are exiting the cafe and turning in the direction of the security shop.

MRS. TREND (os)

Cheap dish ...

Her point of view SWISH PANS TO:

62

EXT. SECURITY STORE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

62

The front window is dark.

63

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

MRS. TREND sets down the binoculars and moves to the telephone.

MRS. TREND

Ernest Alouysius Trend, what on earth is keeping you?

She begins to dial.

64

INT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT

64

Looking through the store's front display window towards the street, we see the HEEL and BLONDE passing by on the sidewalk outside. Inside the shop, the telephone starts ringing.

HEEL

(muffled, through the window)

I wonder if you could pay for the cab--I don't want to break a hundred. . .

The CAMERA PANS to follow them, coming to rest on CRUSH in the foreground, inside the shop, waiting for the coast to clear. He has the CENTER CITY EXTERMINATORS burlap bag slung over his shoulder. As soon as the HEEL and BLONDE leave, he heads for the front door.

65

EXT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT

65

As CRUSH emerges and shuts the door behind him, the telephone inside continues its muffled, stubborn ringing.

MR. CORNELIUS (os)

What's all that noise?

CRUSH turns, startled, towards the owner of the voice but is unable to make out who it is as he is blinded by the lights from the apartment across the way. As CRUSH spins toward the man, the back of the burlap sack is presented to the camera. CRUSH puts his hand to his eyes to shield them from the light's glare. He is able to make out the silhouette of a man with a large dog at his side.

CRUSH

--Huh?

RRRING.

MR. CORNELIUS

What's the matter, you deaf?

MR. CORNELIUS steps towards CRUSH. As he moves into the light CRUSH can see him for the first time. A large GERMAN SHEPHERD pants in the guide-hitch that MR. CORNELIUS clutches. His dark glasses glint in the street light. The dog's breath vaporizes.

CONTINUED

MR. CORNELIUS

Didn't you hear all that noise?

CRUSH is nervously eyeing the dog, realizing now that its master is blind.

CRUSH

Uh, yeah. . .

RRRING.

CRUSH (Cont'd)

. . .I was, I was just going to check it out myself

RRRING. A glowing red spot appears in the burlap sack in the foreground. A pencil-line of smoke rises from it.

MR. CORNELIUS

At so?

RRRING.

The GERMAN SHEPHERD has started growling, tugging forward slightly on its hitch.

CRUSH

Came up from the street.

MR. CORNELIUS

Pretty near though.

RRRING.. The red spot is getting bigger, spreading out in a growing red circle. More smoke. The dog growls, tugs.

MR. CORNELIUS

(Takes a few loud sniffs)

. . .What was it, a fire alarm?

RRRING. The glowing orange circle is approaching that point at the bottom of the sack where the dead-weight is pushing at the fabric.

CRUSH

(eyes the growling dog)

. . .Yeah, I smell that too. Smells like . . .burning trash.

RRRING.

With a very light tearing sound MR. ODEGARD's bald head drops through the charred burlap sack. His dead eyes stare into the camera. His shoulders inhibit his body from dropping out further--temporarily at least. The dog snarls. There are char-streaks up ODEGARD's bald head. His fringe of hair is smoking. His face is twisted in the horrible rictus of the death-agony.

MR. CORNELIUS

That's it, some idiot burning trash. . .

CONTINUED

65 Cont'd 1

65

RRRING. MR. CORNELIUS takes another couple of sniffs and frowns.

MR. CORNELIUS

--No, that's not burning trash, that's . . .

Time for another ring--it doesn't come. Dead quiet. CRUSH stands motionless.

MR. CORNELIUS (Cont'd)

. . . that's . . .

Dead silence. CRUSH, his eyes fixed on the blind man, draws a knife out of his pocket.

MR. CORNELIUS (Cont'd)

. . . that's . . .

The dog snarls and tugs MR. CORNELIUS forward a few inches.

Dead quiet. CRUSH is standing perfectly still, his knife at the ready. ODEGARD's burnt face leers into the camera. The dog is tensed. The only movement in the frame comes from MR. CORNELIUS, who fearfully tilts his head this way and that.

MR. CORNELIUS (Cont'd)

. . . Mister? . .

The dog growls.

MR. CORNELIUS (Cont'd)

. . .Mister? . . .Where are you? . .

Dead quiet. Vaporizing breath comes from the blind man's nose rapidly, as fear quickens his respiration. The dog has pulled him up so that his nose is perhaps two inches from CRUSH's. CUT TO:

NOSE SHOT EXTREME CLOSE UP. Two noses. No vapor from CRUSH's. He is holding his breath.

WIDE SHOT EXTREME. They are two statues placed toe to toe. Quiet. An inarticulate moan of fear from MR. CORNELIUS. His face almost touches CRUSH's. Quiet.

MR. CORNELIUS

(Finally)

.... I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE! . . .

Quiet. For MR. CORNELIUS, the paralyzing fear of the unknown is giving way to a more purposeful fear; he is realizing, sensing that CRUSH is right in front of him. MR. CORNELIUS takes one step back. Very quietly:

MR. CORNELIUS

. . .Come on Duke . . .

The dog resists for the first few steps back, then turns and starts trotting his master back toward the apartment building. CRUSH finally lets out a long stream of vaporized breath. He pockets his knife.

66 EXT. SECURITY STORE SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT 66

The burlap sack and ODEGARD's head are still smoldering. CRUSH hefts the sack off his shoulder and plunges it into the Delta 88 Oldsmobile which sits in the alley. ODEGARD falls into a sitting position in the front passenger seat. CRUSH slams the car door. We hear a loud crash and CRUSH looks over to the other side of the street.

67 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (CRUSH P.O.V.) - NIGHT 67

The opposite sidewalk is littered with dirt and begonias.

68 EXT. SECURITY STORE SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT 68

CRUSH's gaze climbs.

69 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (CRUSH P.O.V.) - NIGHT 69

The camera pans from the sidewalk and up the facing building. The pan stops on MRS. TREND who is clearly visible in a brightly lit, third story window. She is grabbing at the second flowerpot to keep it from rolling off the sill. Her binoculars dangle from her neck.

70 EXT. SECURITY STORE SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT 70

CRUSH's eyes narrow, his jaw sets.

CRUSH

Lady . . .

71 INT. TREND APARTMENT (LOCATION) - NIGHT 71

HIGH CLOSE SHOT LOOKING DOWN MRS. TREND
We see only the back of her head.
Over her shoulder we can see CRUSH gazing up at her.
His voice echos ominously up the deserted street.

CRUSH

. . .you ain't seen nothing . . .

72 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT 72

MRS. TREND fearfully shakes her head to confirm the bad man's assertion.

- 73 INT. TREND APARTMENT/EXT. STREET - NIGHT 73
- (Track in to CRUSH). CRUSH raises a pointing arm and sights along it at MRS. TREND.
- CRUSH
- . . .yet.
- A demonic laugh from CRUSH; a wake-the-dead SCREAM from MRS. TREND;
- 74 EXT. ELECTRICAL BOX ON POLE - NIGHT 74
- A bolt of lightning (EFFECTS) zaps a transformer mounted atop a utility pole directly in front of MRS. TREND's apartment. (Live action explosion.)
- 75 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (COMPOSITE W/MINIATURE) - NIGHT 75
- EXTREME LONG SHOT The entire block of buildings goes BLACK. From this great distance we can hear the echo of MRS. TREND's SCREAM and CRUSH's laugh.
- 76 INT. APARTMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 76
- It is very dark. We can hear the sound of some automatic machinery clicking into gear. We then hear a transmission starting and the sound of a gasoline motor revving and winding. It is accompanied by the sound of pistons churning, a whining of a belt-drive system and the basement lights again come on illuminating the machine that made it all possible; AUXILIARY GENERATOR.
- The camera tracks in to the gas gauge. The indicator needle is a notch below the E (for "EMPTY") mark.
- 77 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (COMPOSITE W/MINIATURE) - NIGHT 77
- CRUSH watches as the lights in the apartment building return. First floor, second floor, and as the third floor illuminates MRS. TREND again becomes a clear silhouette against her brightly lit apartment behind her.
- 78 INT. TREND APARTMENT (LOCATION) - NIGHT 78
- LOOKING DOWN. CRUSH races across the street - barreling full-tilt for the plate glass lobby door.
- 79 INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT 79
- With no abatement of speed he hits the door -- and bounces back. Not even a crack in the door.

80

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

80

The THUD of his impact on the TV speaker brings MRS. TREND's attention. She whirls to face the TV set and watches in horror as CRUSH, still outside, spits into the palm of his left hand, curls the hand into a fist, and--THUD--punches the plate glass. It remains intact. HOOT--the TV image changes to the third floor hallway, where MR. RODGERS stands waiting for an elevator, blowing his nose. THUD--the image changes again to the lobby as CRUSH delivers another blow to the door. HOOT-THUD-HOOT-THUD--the image alternates crazily as CRUSH continues beating on the door and MR. RODGERS continues blowing his nose. Finally: CRASH!--The plate glass lobby door disintegrates under a right-left combination from the furious CRUSH.

SCREEEEAM. CRUSH is opening the door from the inside and letting himself in.

81

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT LOCATION

81

In response to all the noise, YARMAN is entering the lobby from his ground floor apartment. His face is half-covered with shaving lather. He wears a T-shirt that reads: "COACH Ferndale Pee-Wee League".

YARMAN

What th--

Without breaking stride as he charges through the lobby, CRUSH scoops up the steel janitor's bucket by its handle and smashes YARMAN over the head with it. YARMAN crumples to the ground.

82

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

82

"PING". On television; Camera #1 picks up CRUSH entering the stairwell and racing up the first of three flights of stairs. The lights and television image fade, then return. MRS. TREND shrinks as though the momentary darkness were a great weight upon her. She glances to her front door - unlocked. "PING". On television; Camera #3 shows CRUSH mounting the third and final flight of steps. Now all the lights are wowing on and off, on and off.

83

INT. APARTMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

83

The AUXILIARY GENERATOR is screaming like a dying animal. High pitched steel screeches as the tank is so low on gasoline it seems as though it is feeding off of itself to survive; chugging and stopping and spewing out bursts of steam.

84

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

82

MRS. TREND chains and bolts her front door. She looks to the television to monitor CRUSH'S progress. The television image fades down to a little spark of light. The electricity fails. The apartment goes dark. MRS. TREND screams. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO HER MOUTH. Blackness.

85

INT. RIALTO CAFE - NIGHT

85

Blackness. MATCH/SOUND CUT from MRS. TREND screaming to a tuba horn blasting. The camera pulls back from the inside of this tuba horn, revealing it as it blasts right into the lens of the camera. Camera continues to pull back revealing the whole RIALTO CAFE bandstand midway into a screaming jazz number. Scores of couples out on the floor dance and spin to the music. We pan over to VIC and NANCY, the only couple left still seated at their table. Nancy is looking at the bill and groping through her purse for her wallet.

NANCY

Victor, you're a very nice guy, and I appreciate what you tried to do for me. But this is one girl who can take care of herself.

She has found and opened her wallet and now she sits staring inside.

NANCY (Cont'd)

... Vic, would you loan me thirty-six dollars?

VIC's face lights up.

VIC

Sure!...

NANCY smiles with relief.

VIC (Cont'd)

... if I had thirty-six dollars!

NANCY's smile drops. The dance number ends. The couples shuffle back to their seats.

VIC

... I don't usually walk around with that much money on me.

NANCY

So where on earth am I going to get thirty-six --

Crackling through a PA system we hear the manager of the restaurant:

MANAGER

Ladies and Gentlemen! The winners of tonight's Rialto Dance Riot will receive Thirty-Six Dollahs! Play, Vinnie!

CLOSE SHOT VINNIE

The grease-haired and white-tuxedoed bandleader gives an acknowledging smile and nod back over his shoulder and starts waving his baton.

The band kicks in with a scream.

CLOSE SHOT NANCY

Stone-faced. The camera pulls back to reveal that, in spite of her stone expression, she is up on the dance floor dancing with VIC.

86

INT. RIALTO KITCHEN - NIGHT

86

The red-hot jazz number continues, a little muffled in the background. We are looking at several CHINESE KITCHEN WORKERS who babble back and forth at each other, some of them looking offscreen. We pan to the object of their attention. VIC and NANCY are at the sink washing dishes. NANCY is still expressionless. VIC is dancing in place to the sizzling beat, smiling as he washes. A CHINAMAN staggers into frame under a bin filled with a thousand dirty dishes, which he adds, clattering, to their pile. As these dishes pass in front of the camera, the screen goes black.

87

INT TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

87

BLACKNESS. A match is lit, illuminating a horrified MRS. TREND. Offscreen, three steady "raps" (knuckles on wood) resound in the darkness. The camera slowly pans from MRS. TREND, past the window (down below the RIALTO CAFE is visible) to the front door. From the other side of the door, three more steady raps.

VOICE (CRUSH)

Mrs. Trend. Mrs. Trend?

The camera now continues its pan past the door, along the vacant dinner table, stopping on MRS. TREND who is huddled in the corner and holding her cat tightly against her. Three more knocks.

VOICE (CRUSH)

Mrs. Trend?

MRS. TREND

... Mr. Rodgers, is that you?

VOICE (CRUSH)

Mrs. Trend, open the door.

This voice from the other side of the door is very calm and steady. MRS. TREND sets down her cat and begins her slow walk across the room towards the front door. She moves to the eyehole and peers through.

88

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA (P.O.V.) - NIGHT

88

A warped fisheye image of MR. RODGERS comes into view. RODGERS appears to be looking down the hall at something. After a moment he turns to the door and just the area above his nose is visible. Three more raps at the door. This time, very loud.

Mrs. Trend? Mrs. Trend, open the door.

CONTINUED

She unlocks the bolt but keeps the chain fastened as an extra precaution. The door is opened a few inches - the length of the chain. A crack of light falls across the cat who stands at the base of the door, looking up. MRS. TREND peers thru the crack in the door and sees a horizontal cross section of MR. RODGER'S face. The apartment lights give forth a strobing flicker of brightness as MR. RODGERS turns toward MRS. TREND with an abrupt jerk of his head. She lets out a sigh of relief.

MRS. TREND

Oh, thank goodness, Mr. Rodgers, you won't believe what's been happening--wait-please, don't go away.

MRS. TREND shuts the door, unlatches the chain, swings the door wide open and embraces MR. RODGERS tightly around the waist. The cat, possibly scenting death and noticing that RODGER'S feet are floating an inch or two above the floor, hunches its back in fear.

MRS. TREND

(in a flood of tears)

I'm so afraid, I--

VOICE (CRUSH)

I'm not worried, Mrs. Trend. . .

MRS. TREND stops crying,

VOICE (CRUSH)

. . . I don't have a care in the world.

She looks up at him, confused.

MRS. TREND

But--won't you--

VOICE (CRUSH)

No, Mrs. Trend.

His head bobs as he starts laughing. The laughter booms up and down the hallway.

VOICE (CRUSH) (Cont'd)

. . . I won't do anything. . .

More laughter.

VOICE (CRUSH) (Cont'd)

. . . Because, you see, I died just a few moments ago in the hallway.

His body jerks violently as if to compensate for the fact that his lips aren't moving. As the lights waver from the faltering power, MRS. TREND backs fearfully away from MR. RODGERS.

VOICE (CRUSH) (Cont'd)

Open the door, Mrs. Trend, open the door.

CONTINUED

89 Cont'd

89

CRUSH steps out from alongside the wall. He is holding up RODGER'S body by the neck.

CRUSH

It's a crazy mixed up world, Mrs. Trend. It's a mean old world.

CRUSH turns to MR. RODGERS.

CRUSH

I guess that's something I don't have to tell you, eh, MR. RODGERS?

RODGER'S head jerkily nods in sad agreement with the fact that he need not be told how hard a world it is. CRUSH releases his grip and lets the body fall in the doorway. The cat is sent scurrying. A knife handle juts out of RODGER'S back. CRUSH looks up surprised to see the door slammed into his face, knocking him to the floor of the hallway. MRS. TREND tries to slam the door shut but RODGER'S head is in the way and is hit with a sharp "CLINK" effect (because of the steel plate in his head). CRUSH staggers to his feet. MRS. TREND pulls RODGERS inside of her apartment, but in her hysteria slams the door on his ankle. Just as CRUSH is almost upon her, she removes his ankle, slams the door and bolts it. The apartment is suddenly silent and dark. BLACKNESS.

90 INT. APARTMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 89

The generator hacks, belches, and is quiet.

91 EXT. ELECTRICAL BOX ON POLE - NIGHT 91

A grizzled VETERAN of the Metropolitan Power Authority, nearing retirement age, is strapped to the top of the telephone pole where he looks into the open transformer box. The man pulls down a large transformer switch and slams the box door shut.

92 INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT 92

As the lights surge on. YARMAN, still wearing his shaving cream, is groggily rubbing his head and rising to his feet. As he heads for his apartment door:

YARMAN

Damn! Gettin' so's a man can't even shave his face.

He reaches around the doorway and comes out hefting a Louisville Slugger baseball bat.

93 INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT 93

The lights in the apartment flicker on. MRS. TREND looks thru the door viewer.

94 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA (P.O.V.) - NIGHT 94

All clear.

95

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

95

Glancing to the TV she sees a picture of her hallway with CRUSH crouched at the base of her door. He is beneath the sightline of her door viewer and is peering into her apartment thru the crack beneath her door. MRS. TREND grabs a fork and jams it thru this crack. CRUSH'S high pitched wail is heard as the fork handle disappears from MRS. TREND'S side of the door.

96

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA - NIGHT

96

CRUSH recoils from the door with the fork deeply imbedded in his nose.

The door to the apartment down the hall opens and JACK ELROY emerges rear end first. His sleeves are rolled up and his dinner napkin is still tucked into his shirt. He is shouting at his wife as he exits.

JACK ELROY

I DON'T CARE WHOSE KIDS THEY ARE, THEY'RE MAKING TOO MUCH DAMN NOISE, AND I FOR ONE, AM GONNA SHUT 'EM THE HELL UP!

CRUSH turns towards ELROY with the fork in his nose. CRUSH makes a funny snorting sound. ELROY swallows hard.

JACK ELROY

. . . S'funny, I. . . I came out here for the paper but I guess I already had it with me. Heh, heh. . .

ELROY holds up the rolled newspaper that he was obviously going to berate some kids with. The massive shadow of his wife appears in the hallway. Then, from the inside of the ELROY apartment;

VOICE OF MRS. ELROY

JACK ELROY, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THEM TO PIPE DOWN OR NOT?!

JACK ELROY shrugs to CRUSH.

JACK ELROY

. . . Heh, heh . . .

CRUSH pulls the fork from his nose leaving four bloody pock marks. JACK ELROY humbly ducks back into his apartment. From the ELROY'S door, lock and bolt attachments can be heard clicking shut. As CRUSH turns to the TREND'S apartment he hears a slight whirl. He sees the hallway camera and understands that MRS. TREND is watching him.

97

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA (CRUSH P.O.V.) - NIGHT

97

CRUSH approaching hallway camera

98

INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

CRUSH approaches the camera, moving his face right up to the fisheye lense. His features distort as they fill MRS. TREND'S TV screen.

CRUSH

Mrs. Trend found ripped limb from limb in her west side apartment.
Film at eleven.

CRUSH moves from the camera and begins smashing in MRS. TREND'S front door. We see both the wind-up on the television screen and the actual door buckling from the inside of the apartment. MRS. TREND makes a dash for the telephone. BANG. The door is hit.

MRS. TREND dials for the operator.

BANG. A hairline crack in the door appears.

MRS. TREND

Police. It's an emergency!

BANG. The crack grows larger.

MRS. TREND

Oh please, help me, there's a man-

BANG. Chunks of wood around the deadbolt snap loose.

MRS. TREND

-You see, my husband went across the street to - well
before that - I had seen Mr. Odegard working late and -

SNAP! The deadbolt rips free and the door flies open revealing CRUSH. The telephone receiver slides from MRS. TREND'S hand and swings into frame in front of the cat, who is also looking up at CRUSH.

TINNY TELEPHONE VOICE

Hello? . . . HELLO? . . .

99

INT. TREND APARTMENT (BATTLE OF THE FLYING SAUCERS) - NIGHT

99

CRUSH advances. As MRS. TREND retreats she throws dishes, cups, saucers; anything that she can find. The camera is behind each object as it wizzes at him, so the audience is taken on this flying saucer joyride. CRUSH avoids many of the objects, letting them shatter harmlessly on the wall behind him. However, many explode directly in his face.

The dishes shattering in his face do not slow CRUSH'S advance on MRS. TREND. But as soon as he reaches her—CLANG—she delivers a roundhouse blow to his head with a frying pan.

CRUSH flies back across the room until he meets the wall. His head hits. He falls to the floor. The shelving unit above him gives and three bowling balls fall on his head, followed by an enormous chrome-plated bowling trophy.

100

INT. TREND APARTMENT (THE TREADMILL) - NIGHT

100

MRS. TREND stands in the center of the room breathing hard. CRUSH lifts his head but the room spins dizzily in front of him. He sees two, three, then four images of the apartment all spinning. He tries to stand but collapses suddenly to the floor. MRS. TREND forms a nervous grin as she realizes she has stopped him. CRUSH spits out some loose teeth and forms a toothless half smile of his own.

MRS. TREND looks to the open door next to CRUSH. He sees this, and although not able to stand, reaches over and slams it shut. CRUSH raises his right, then left hand and one by one, jams them into the carpeting. He exerts a great effort in pulling his fingers, which are deeply imbedded in the carpeting, towards his thumbs.

"PING"

"PING"

"PING"

Carpet tacs begin to pop and fly about. A bottle and glass on the dinner table begin to quietly rattle and tinkle. An ashtray falls from the coffee table.

"PING"

"PING"

"PING"

More tacs fly. The cat hunches its back. The entire room begins to tremble. Softly at first, but with a growing intensity. Books fall from the shelves; plates from the kitchen counter which shatter upon the floor.

The light fixture begins to swing, giving the room a nightmarish wavering light effect. MRS. TREND stands in awe. The skillet slides from her hand and "CLANGS" to the floor.

"PING"

"PING"

"PING"

The entire room gives an incredible lurch. A number of free standing objects in the room come crashing to the ground. MRS. TREND now sees what is happening. CRUSH is uprooting the carpeting and pulling the entire contents of the room, including MRS. TREND, towards himself. Another lurch! This time, all remaining tacks are ripped from the floor. With the carpeting pulled from under her, MRS. TREND falls to the ground. Now bookcases and lamps fall around her as CRUSH reels in the entire room. She tries to crawl away but makes no progress as she is on a giant treadmill. Chairs and other articles of furniture slide along past her as she remains stationary in frame in spite of her crawling. She pulls herself to her feet only to have the carpeting again yanked from under her. She crashes to the floor.

As she lies in pain she is pulled precariously close to CRUSH. He is now frantically reeling in the carpeting. Again she begins to crawl. A large dresser drawer comes right for her. She rolls out of its way as it comes crashing down. She is losing ground. The grinning body of MR. RODGERS slides past her. She is just within CRUSH'S reach when the carpeting beneath her runs out and she scampers across the wood floor, away from CRUSH. Toothless and limping, CRUSH pulls himself to his feet.

- 101 EXT/INT TREND APARTMENT - WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT 101
MRS. TREND stumbles to the window and looks out.
- 102 EXT. STREET (APARTMENT P.O.V.) - NIGHT 102
She watches as a huge MUSCLE-BOUND MAN approaches along the street. His T-shirt, bursting at its seams, reads "LOUIE'S GYM AND MUSCLE EMPORIUM".
- 103 EXT/INT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 103
She is about to scream for help when CRUSH grabs her. He turns her around and, bending her over backwards out the window, begins to throttle her. CRUSH looks beyond MRS. TREND, to the street below.
- 104 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 104
The MUSCLEMAN crosses the street and approaches the WATCHTOWER APARTMENTS.
- 105 EXT/INT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 105
He halts his throttling and holds MRS. TREND as the muscleman stops directly beneath the window on the street below.
A muffled cry for help escapes from MRS. TREND. With his free hand, CRUSH clamps her mouth shut. He looks down to see if the muscleman has heard.
- 106 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 106
Down below the MUSCLEMAN opens the door to his car, removes a rag and begins clearing mist from his windshield. His muscles ripple and his rag squeaks as he works.
- 107 EXT./INT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 107
With her elbow, MRS. TREND begins to silently nudge the remaining flowerpot off of her windowsill.
- 108 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (STUDIO INSERT) - NIGHT 108
With one stroke of the rag the MUSCLEMAN removes half of the mist from his rear windshield, revealing a clear reflection of CRUSH and MRS. TREND in the window above.

109 EXT./INT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 109

Inch by inch, the flowerpot creeps toward the edge. Seeing this, CRUSH releases MRS. TREND'S throat and makes a lunge for it. The pot goes over the edge, but he manages to grab it . . . by the flower stems. Now CRUSH has one hand on MRS. TREND'S mouth and is leaning out the window with a handful of roses in the other. Blood starts to trickle out from between his fingers, from where he is grasping the thorny stems. His face contorts wildly, as if to compensate for the howls of pain he can't afford to let loose. With a slight sound, the flowerpot loosens from the dirt inside and drops down an inch.

110 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 110

With a final swipe, the MUSCLEMAN cleans off the rear window.

111 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 111

The flowerpot drops another inch.

112 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 112

The MUSCLEMAN opens the door to his car and tosses the rag inside.

113 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 113

The flowerpot dislodges itself from the soil and falls.

114 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (PROCESS) - NIGHT 114

It drops through space for a long moment...

115 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 115

Then crashes to the ground simultaneously with the car door slamming, which buries the sound of its impact. The MUSCLEMAN drives off.

116 INT. TREND APARTMENT - NIGHT 116

The door to MRS. TREND'S apartment is kicked open with a SLAM. The domineering figure of YARMAN fills the frame. He grasps his Louisville Slugger baseball bat. CRUSH swings around to face him, using MRS. TREND as a shield.

YARMAN

Drop her you little punk.

CRUSH

Take one more step, Slugger, and I'll snap her neck.

CONTINUED

116 Cont'd

116

YARMAN stands poised in the doorway. He chuckles. CRUSH smiles and starts to quietly laugh too. YARMAN slowly raises his baseball bat as his laughter subsides. The camera moves from a wide shot to a tight close-up of MR. YARMAN'S face.

YARMAN

Take a last good look at God's sweet earth, Mister,
cause you is about to meet the Being what made it.

CRUSH pushes MRS. TREND away from him, grabs a chair and shatters the light fixture mounted on the ceiling. Suddenly all three are plunged into darkness. The only light comes from the window and the door to the hallway. Suddenly the door slams shut. Nobody moves. At least, we can't hear anyone moving.

YARMAN strains his eyes to adjust to the blackness. He stands tensed with his baseball bat, desperately searching the darkness for CRUSH.

MRS. TREND

(in a quiet whimper)

. . . Mr. Yarman? . . .

YARMAN

Quiet down now, Mrs. Trend. There ain't but one way to catch a rat in the dark. You wait an shut your mouth, an before too long that rat, he just show you his pink little eyes.

Something comes flying out of the darkness. YARMAN ducks. It is a chair which explodes against the wall where YARMAN was just standing. The pieces rain down upon the floor, then again the room is quiet. There is a strange animal SCREAM as MRS. TREND'S cat comes flying at us out of the darkness. It smacks, feet first, into a canvas painting that hangs on the wall behind the ducking YARMAN. The cat's claws grapple into the canvas and it sticks there, facing up the wall towards the ceiling. Using its claws, the cat takes one cautious step up the canvas, then another . . . is about to reach the top of the painting . . . when -- CRASH -- HOWL -- the painting tears free from the wall and clatters to the floor.

YARMAN hears footsteps from the other side of the room. They stop. YARMAN is growing edgy waiting for this rat to show. The footsteps begin again: this time coming towards him. YARMAN readys his bat. The footsteps are almost on top of him. Whoever it is should burst from the darkness in a step or two more. The footsteps stop. YARMAN waits.

The dead body of MR. RODGERS leaps out of the darkness at him. "KLINK". YARMAN knocks him to the floor with a scream. A tablelamp comes flying out of the darkness and shatters against YARMAN'S forehead. He is cut and bleeding.

CRUSH

(Voice from the darkness)

You can't seem to catch this rat, eh YARMAN?

YARMAN weaves dizzily. He wipes the blood from his forehead with the back of his sleeve.

CONTINUED

116 Cont'd 1

116

YARMAN

Oh, I'll get ya. Ain't no rat get away from me yet.

CRUSH

You've never met a rat like me before.

A section of cabinet explodes next to YARMAN'S head. YARMAN side steps it. The debris shatters harmlessly about the floor. As YARMAN looks up, he spots what he has been looking for; Movement. He is able to make out the silhouette of CRUSH'S coat against the window, backlit from the light of the street.

CRUSH

To catch a rat, you first must find him.

YARMAN tries not to give away the fact that he is aware of CRUSH'S position.

YARMAN

Thas' right.

YARMAN keeps his eye on the silhouette of CRUSH'S coat in front of the window and tenses up ready to charge.

CRUSH

And rats like me . . .

YARMAN charges the silhouette. He tackles it and meets with absolutely no resistance, it being an empty coat held in front of the window by CRUSH.

CRUSH (Cont'd)

. . . are hard to find.

117 EXT. TREND APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - (STUDIO STUNT) - NIGHT 117

YARMAN'S momentum carries him right through the third floor window and out in to the night air.

118 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - (BLUE SCREEN) - NIGHT 118

YARMAN'S body spins end over end as he tumbles through the void in SLOW MOTION. The glass and wood debris float and spin along with him as he falls.

CLOSE SHOT YARMAN falling and screaming. SLOW MOTION.

119 EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 119

SLOW MOTION YARMAN'S POV as he approaches a rain gutter.

120 EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT 120

Two stories up, YARMAN snags the rain gutter with the fingertips of his left hand. His fall comes to an abrupt halt. Glass and debris enters frame.

- 121 EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 121
From above YARMAN the glass and wood debris from the window fall on past him.
- 122 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 122
The debris shatters on the pavement below.
- 123 EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW AREA - NIGHT 123
YARMAN spots his own window ledge a few feet above him.
- 124 EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW AREA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 124
He begins swinging his right arm upward, attempting to gain momentum to reach the ledge. ONCE . . . TWICE . . . SNAP! -- suddenly the rain gutter from which YARMAN hangs tears away from the side of the building.
- 125 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA (BLUE SCREEN) - NIGHT 125
With a scream YARMAN is again sent tumbling through space.
- 126 EXT. STREET AREA (DUMMY/YARMAN) - NIGHT 126
He falls the remaining two stories and lands flat on his back in the middle of the street. Opening his eyes, YARMAN finds to his amazement that he is relatively unhurt. He slowly pulls himself to his feet, chuckling now, over the fact that he was not killed. In fact, he never felt better in his life. Looking down to his left hand, he realizes that he is still grasping the section of tin rain gutter which tore loose. This brings on an hysterical fit of laughter.
- 127 EXT. STREET AREA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 127
As YARMAN stands in the middle of the street, roaring with laughter, we see a giant plastic rat approaching him from behind. He hears the engine.
YARMAN turns to look --- not in time.
- 128 EXT. STREET AREA - NIGHT 128
YARMAN turns to look . . . not in time (RAT CAR P.O.V.)
The CENTER CITY EXTERMINATOR van rams him and roars on, carrying his body away on its front bumper.

129

INT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

129

CODDISH, driving, sneers out the windshield.

CODDISH

If it's so funny why don't you share it with the rest
of us?

Looking out the windshield we see the road roaring by in the background. In the foreground, pressed against the windshield glass, YARMAN's dead face is frozen in a wide beaming grin.

130

EXT. RIALTO CAFE - NIGHT

130

The camera, panning with the RATMOBILE, stops to hold on the Rialto Cafe. The RATMOBILE roars on out of frame. The lights inside the cafe are being turned off as the restaurant is closing up. The front door is being opened for VIC and NANCY by a CHINAMAN in a white apron.

CHINAMAN

Tankie very much. Tankie. You wash a fine dishes.

VIC nods amicably to his new friend; NANCY on the other hand is almost catatonic. VIC takes a deep breath, savors it and lets it go.

VIC

Some night, huh?

NANCY repeats the words lifelessly; for her they have a different meaning.

NANCY

Some night. It could not possibly have been worse . . .

As she talks she begins to work herself out of her trance and into a state of outrage.

NANCY (cont'd)

. . . I almost get run over. I lose an undergarment,
get stood up by a heel -- and spend most of the evening
washing dishes to pay for a good time I didn't have.
It could not possibly have been worse.

VIC

(trying to cheer her up)

You met me, didn't ya?

NANCY gives him a deliberate look.

NANCY

. . . Exactly.

CONTINUED

130 Cont'd

130

VIC

I think things could have been a lot worse --

A car roars by with a WHOOSH, spattering NANCY had to toe with mud. NANCY looks down to stare at her filthy dress. She looks at VIC who, miraculously, has not been touched by a drop. She contemplates his immaculate state. Rage is building. VIC looks down, contemplates his own cleanliness, looks over at NANCY, reaches an innocent finger over to swab some mud from her dress, examines the mud-swabed finger.

VIC

Look at the bright side --

NANCY'S deadpan finally drops: she erupts into hysterics. She flies at VIC, beating at his chest with her fists and screaming:

NANCY

You and your bright side. There is no bright side.

131

EXT. STREET AREA - NIGHT

131

CRANE SHOT - VIC scoops her up in his arms and starts carrying her across the street as she continues to flail at his chest.

VIC

You're not being rational, Nancy. Of course there's a bright side . . .

Her screams echo up the street:

NANCY

No bright side! No bright side! No bright side!

As he carries her she leans up to within an inch of his ear to scream, full force, one last time:

NANCY

. . . NO BRIGHT SIDE!!

As they disappear into the apartment building across the street:

VIC

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

We are left looking at the empty street. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN to reveal a large yellow Goodwill bin standing on the corner. On its side is printed: "DON'T THROW IT OUT! Your Gift Will Be A Needy Child's Christmas!" CODDISH is busily trying to stuff a large Center City Exterminators sack into the bin's slot, but the sack won't fit. Protruding from the sack is one of YARMAN'S hands, still lifelessly clutching its piece of tin rain gutter.

CONTINUED

131 Cont'd

131

Lights suddenly sweep across CODDISH and he freezes like an escaping prisoner caught in a spotlight. CODDISH shields his eyes against the lights of the approaching POLICE CRUISER. As the lights sweep off him, he hastily pulls YARMAN'S body down from the bin and staggers under it to the front door of the apartment building. He reaches in through the shattered glass of the doorway and lets himself in.

132

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

132

CODDISH stands nervously at the elevator bank with his sack of YARMAN, anxiously pushing and repushing the elevator call button, and glancing between the front door and the floor-indicator panel. The panel shows that one elevator is coming down. It is stopped on four. CODDISH glances at the front door. The police car cruises by on the street outside. He looks back at the panel. The elevator finally moves from four to three.

133

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT

133

Down the street the car is turning a corner to bear down directly at the camera, its headlights glaring. It SCREECHES to a halt in the foreground and we see the word "POLICE" printed across its grill, framed by the scorching headlights.

134

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

134

A blue-cuffed hand grabs the right side door handle. A blue-cuffed hand grabs the left side door handle.

135

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT

135

The right hand door swings open. Two legs swing out to meet the pavement--blue pants, shiny patent-leather shoes. The left hand door swings open. Two legs swing out to meet the pavement. The first policeman enters from the bottom of a black frame, framed in low angle. This is BRENNAN. The second policeman enters from the bottom of the frame. This is GARVEY. BRENNAN and GARVEY give hard looks up and down the street. They look at each other. Some wordless communication passes between them. In tandem, they turn and start walking towards the Watchtower Apartments.

136

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

136

As CODDISH frantically pushes at the call button. The indicator panel shows the elevator finally moving from three to two. It stops there also. BRENNAN appears outside the door. He pauses to light himself a cigarette. CODDISH gulps, pushes. The elevator finally moves from two to one. BRENNAN outside is joined by GARVEY. Together they notice the broken window which Crush smashed earlier. The elevator door hums open. It is apparently empty. CODDISH hurries over to it with his sack. As he is taking his first step in he suddenly recoils, raising his free hand to painfully massage his eye.

CONTINUED

His point of view tilts down to show that the elevator is not in fact empty. Inside is a little eight-year-old boy wearing romper shorts and a beanie, lowering a pea-shooter from his mouth. This is JACK ELROY JR.

JACK JR.

I'm Captain of the Elevator and we're stopping on every floor.

With this he jumps up and flings out his arm, reaching to hit all the floor buttons on the elevator panel. SLAP! -- Just before he makes contact CODDISH's hand wraps around his wrist. JACK JR.'s feet dangle suspended several inches above the elevator floor. BRENNEN and GARVEY are just stepping into the lobby. Their point of view shows JACK JR. flying out of the elevator and bouncing into the lobby. He looks stunned for a moment, then bursts into tears. The elevator doors close.

137

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA - (ONE SHOT) - NIGHT

137

CRUSH pokes his head out of the TRENDS' apartment to see if the coast is clear, then emerges with the bound and gagged MRS. TREND cradled in his arms. He heads for the elevators. DING.#1 Elevator at the end of the hall is arriving. CRUSH scurries back into the TRENDS' apartment. VIC emerges from the elevator with NANCY cradled in his arms.

VIC

Once we get you back in your apartment and all cleaned up you'll feel like a million bucks.

As they enter her apartment, closest to the elevators, NANCY is mumbling:

NANCY

I can take care of myself . . . I can take care of myself . . .

Their door swings shut. The door to the TRENDS' apartment cracks open again. CRUSH again pokes his head out, then emerges, still carrying MRS. TREND. DING.#2 Elevator is arriving. CRUSH scurries back into the apartment. Elevator #2 opens and CODDISH emerges with the YARMAN sack cradled in his arms.

He takes one step into the hallway and looks around at all the doors, bewildered.

CODDISH

Arthur?

DING. #1 Elevator is again arriving. CODDISH panics. He dumps the YARMAN sack back into the #2 elevator and pushes all the buttons. The doors shut and the elevator goes on its way with the body, while CODDISH scampers to the closest apartment door and, mercifully finding it open, he slips into NANCY'S apartment.

SIMULTANEOUSLY: NANCY'S door swings shut behind CODDISH: TRENDS' door opens as CRUSH pokes his head out; the ELEVATOR door opens to reveal the police. As soon as he sees the police CRUSH slams his door again. The door to NANCY's apartment is pushed open a crack as CODDISH peers out into the hallway.

138

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT (CODDISH's P.O.V.) - NIGHT

138

POLICE proceed up the hall.

As he begins to heave a sigh of relief. It is interrupted by a voice bellowing into his ear:

VIC

All right, Nancy . . .

CODDISH cautiously swivels to look next to him. Standing about a foot away is VIC, who faces him with his eyes closed.

VIC

. . . I've got my eyes closed, you can hand me the dress now.

CODDISH looks beyond VIC into the apartment. His partially blocked view of NANCY shows her legs stepping out of her dress. A bathrobe is swung into view.

VIC

. . . Can I open my eyes yet?

CODDISH, panicking, affects a high-pitched voice:

CODDISH

Not yet!

Immediately afterwards:

NANCY

Not yet!

VIC nods reflexively, looks puzzled for a moment, then shrugs -- but does keep his eyes closed. NANCY'S hand reaches around the alcove wall, holding her dirty dress.

NANCY

Behind you.

VIC reaches back, takes the dress and walks off for the bathroom, leaving CODDISH alone at the door. From down the hall we hear a rap at an apartment door and a voice:

139

INT. TREND APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

139

BRENNAN

Open up, please. It's the police.

The two policemen are waiting outside the closed door. BRENNAN, older, has the cynical face of a cop who has seen everything. GARVEY, younger, smoother, wears dark sunglasses and no expression.

GARVEY

. . . Should we break it down?

CONTINUED

139 Cont'd

139

Just then the door swings open to reveal CRUSH. He is wearing MR. TREND'S glasses and bathrobe, and his hair is ruffled as though he has been sleeping. He holds Mrs. Trend's CAT in his arms.

CRUSH

(With a sickly smile)

Good evening.

BRENNEN

(abrupt)

Maybe. The name is Officer Brennen; this is my associate, Officer Garvey. You Ernest Trend?

CRUSH's nod is a bit too eager and his voice cracks:

CRUSH

Hm-hm.

BRENNAN

(dryly)

Sorry to be bothering you, but we've been receiving reports, from a Mr...

Brennen stops for a moment to refer to his clipboard.

BRENNAN (Cont'd)

... A Mr. Jack Elroy.

As CRUSH sets the cat to the floor, we can see that he has forgotten to remove his trousers, socks and black lace up shoes which are visible beneath the hem of his bathrobe. The POLICEMEN don't notice -- yet.

CRUSH

Good old Jack. I wonder why he'd call you?

BRENNAN

About noise, Mr. Trend. A lot of noise. Coming from your apartment.

CRUSH

Well, I--

BRENNAN

He also claimed that there was a man in the hallway. With a . . . fork. In his nose.

BRENNAN looks at the four bloody pockmarks in CRUSH's nose.

BRENNAN

. . . I don't suppose you could tell us anything about that . . . ?

CRUSH

Oh, that was nothing really. A little argument with the Missus . . .

CONTINUED

BRENNEN

. . . And it got a little out of hand.

CRUSH

Yessir.

Down the hall, the door to Elevator #2 opens, revealing the dead body of YARMAN. It is visible to CRUSH; the police have their backs to it. YARMAN still clutches his piece of rain gutter. By this time, the burlap sack has slid down to expose YARMAN's face. It is still half-covered with shaving cream and frozen into its "DEATH LAUGH".

BRENNEN

And would it be possible for us to talk to Mrs. Trend?

CRUSH

(hastily)

Oh no!

BRENNEN

(dryly)

It wouldn't.

CRUSH

It would . . . but she's resting.

BRENNEN

And I don't suppose it's possible to wake her.

CRUSH

I could . . . (Thinking). . . I could . . . (Mental lightbulb) --But she's not resting here. She is resting, but not here.

BRENNEN

Mr. Trend, do you know where your wife is resting?

CRUSH

No, she just ran out.

BRENNEN

Was this before or after she stuck the fork in your nose?

CRUSH

(rattled)

After.--Before.--On her way out.

BRENNEN drags a fed-up hand over his face. Down the hall behind him the elevator door is closing, to send YARMAN along on his continuing journey.

BRENNEN

. . . All right, Mr. Trend, let me get this straight. Your wife complained of fatigue, she said she was tired. She stuck a fork in your nose and then she ran off to an unknown place where she currently rests.

CONTINUED

CRUSH throws a "Who-knows?" hand up into the air.

CRUSH

(smiling)
... Women!

BRENNEN

We could put out an APB, try and find her . . .

CRUSH

--Oh no! I'm sure she'll be back (Afterthought) --But not for a while.

BRENNEN

Eeeeyeah . . .

He notices that the front door is severely battered.

BRENNEN (Cont'd)

. . . Your wife have an argument with the door, did she?

CRUSH manages to force out a strangled laugh at this witticism. His face abruptly drops into deadpan.

CRUSH

I can honestly tell you I don't know how that happened.

BRENNEN

Seems to me you would have heard someone trying to batter the door down.

CRUSH

I'm very hard of hearing.

BRENNEN

(in a slow, deliberate whisper)
You can hear me, can't you?

CRUSH is thinking.

CRUSH

. . . No.

Immediately after saying it CRUSH starts sweating, realizing that he has been tripped up. BRENNEN is smiling triumphantly. CRUSH is in a cold panic.

CRUSH

(grasping)
--But I do read lips.

BRENNEN's smile starts to fade. CRUSH is growing more self-confident:

CRUSH

. . . and, uh . . . as you can see . . .

The final triumph:

CONTINUED

CRUSH (Cont'd)

... The door has no lips!

BRENNEN's smile now evaporates completely. He has been beaten at his own game.

BRENNEN

Sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Trend. You know how it is: we get a complaint, we've got to follow it up. . .

Down the hall, Elevator #2 is opening. It reveals the burlap sack containing the grinning YARMAN, and JACK ELROY JR. CRUSH's eyes bug out. Sweat starts pouring. BRENNEN, facing CRUSH, is now too self-absorbed to notice this reaction. BRENNEN's tone is becoming more and more bitter:

BRENNEN

... Doesn't matter that 90% of 'em turn out to be a false alarm, called in by some paranoid stinking schizo who heard some bump in the night. . .

JACK ELROY JR. is dragging the YARMAN sack out of the elevator. CRUSH's face has become a twitching catalogue of nervous ticks.

CRUSH

Love to stay and chit-chat --

BRENNEN

(oblivious)

... some nervous nellie who thinks we've got nothing better to do. . .

CRUSH has quietly closed the door on the policemen. JACK ELROY JR. is dragging the YARMAN sack up the hall towards them. BRENNEN continues to speak dully into the closed door:

BRENNEN (Cont'd)

... than galavant around town all night wearing out shoe-leather. Yup. They call 'em in. . .

GARVEY is tugging at his sleeve, trying to get him to go. As the two men turn up the hall:

BRENNEN (Cont'd)

... we follow 'em up. Every. . . stinking. . . one.

GARVEY and BRENNEN finally confront the nightmare image of the little boy dragging his sack up the hallway.

BRENNEN

(flatly)

Where'd ya get the Negro, butch?

JACK JR.

(Proud of his catch)

Elevator.

GARVEY is staring disinterestedly at YARMAN's face.

CONTINUED

139 Cont'd 3

139

GARVEY

If it was so funny why didn't he share it with the rest of us?

Staring bitterly down at the body:

BRENNEN

What kind of paranoid schizo could kill a man and then jelly up his face with shaving cream?

JACK JR. swells out his chest and jabs at it with his thumb.

JACK JR.

(proudly)

My dad!

The door at the end of the hallway opens. JACK ELROY SR. steps out in his bathrobe and frowns at the crowd in the hallway.

JACK ELROY

. . . Son?

The heads of GARVEY and BRENNEN slowly swivel to look at JACK ELROY. In CLOSE UP a pair of handcuffs are slapped onto a pair of wrists. In LONG SHOT JACK ELROY, flanked by BRENNEN and GARVEY, stands in the elevator as its doors glide shut.

140

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

140

NANCY sits on a couch in the bedroom with over-stuffed pillows propped behind her, a hot water bottle on her head and her feet soaking in a steaming epsom-salt solution. She calls out to VIC, who is in the bathroom:

NANCY

I don't know what I ever saw in that heel in the first place.

VIC, an apron tied over his tuxedo, is hunched over the sink where NANCY's dress soaks.

VIC

Aww, I'm sure he's not such a bad guy. Just a little confused -- must be, if he dropped you for that cheap dish. (muttering to himself) . . . although she probably isn't such a bad person either.

NANCY (os)

. . . Am I confused too, Vic?

VIC

(energetically)

No! You're not confused; your emotions are beautiful! I could feel that when you kissed me in the restaurant.

He works on a spot on the dress.

CONTINUED

140 Cont'd

140

VIC (Cont'd)

... and when you slapped me. . . (to himself dreamily) . . . and when you kissed me again. . . (his brow darkens) . . . and when again you slapped me.

Lost in thought. He abruptly shakes his head to clear it, and looks at the dress he has been absently washing.

VIC (Cont'd)

(loudly)

No, you're not confused.

VIC (Cont'd)

(Leaving bathroom)

... I'm gonna have to borrow some more Sud-zo for that dress. . .

VIC

(Entering the bedroom)

... You're just a beautiful human being who's not afraid to give expression to the whole rainbow of your emotions.

NANCY sits pondering the import of his words. VIC walks out into the foyer alcove and grabs his coat. Calling around the alcove wall:

VIC (Cont'd)

I'll be back in a minute.

VIC exits, dragging his coat behind him -- to reveal that it had been draped over the seated form of CODDISH, who is left behind with his hands covering his eyes.

CODDISH, startled, looks around and cautiously rises to his feet. He starts taking tip-toe steps towards the apartment door. A floorboard groans at one of his steps. He freezes.

NANCY

(from the bedroom)

Back already?

CODDISH thinks for a moment, then emits a vaguely yes-sounding noise:

CODDISH

Mm-hmm.

NANCY

(haltingly)

I've just been thinking about what you said, and it's very kind, but the truth is. . . I haven't been completely honest about how I feel about you.

CODDISH looks apprehensive.

CODDISH

Oh, well. . .

CONTINUED

140 Cont'd 1

140

NANCY

And the truth is, that it's, well, that you're --
more than I deserve.

CODDISH shrugs humbly and shuffles his feet.

CODDISH

Uhhh. . .

NANCY

No, it's true!

There is a long pause. CODDISH is beginning to feel its awful weight.

CODDISH

Uhhh. . .

NANCY

No, you don't have to say anything!

CODDISH

(hoarsely)

Thank you.

NANCY

It's just that I've known a lot of men, and none
of them would have done what you did for me
today--there was nobody I could believe in,
until I met you. . .

CODDISH is grinning sheepishly, blushing, shrugging his shoulders, and staring down
at his shoes.

NANCY (Cont'd)

. . . and I just want you to know that I think
you're a very wonderful and a very special
person and that--

CODDISH

(still staring at his feet)

Well look . . .

He looks up. NANCY is standing in the doorway to the bedroom, frozen in her
tracks, staring at CODDISH in disbelief.

CODDISH (Cont'd)

. . . It's not often that I meet a girl like you.

CODDISH smiles at her bashfully. She opens her mouth and sucks in her breath to
scream. CODDISH realizes that her words were not, after all, meant for him. In
an instant he grasps the situation and lunges to cover her mouth. There are
footsteps approaching the apartment door. CODDISH, keeping his hand clamped
over NANCY's mouth, muscles her into the bathroom and slams its door as the
front door opens. VIC enters the apartment carrying a box of "SUD-ZO".

VIC

Nancy . . . where are you?

In the bathroom, CODDISH affects his VIC voice:

CODDISH

Freshen. . . (Realizing he's doing the wrong voice, he shifts to falsetto). . . Freshening up.

VIC

(From the living room)

Sounds like that congestion is moving to your throat. Listen, I just ran in to Mrs. Elroy and she says there are a couple of maniacs running around the building with forks in their noses, and she's concerned because she hasn't seen Jack or Jack Jr. for quite a while. . .

CODDISH is starting to sweat. It seems that VIC is waiting for an answer.

CODDISH

. . . Gracious!

VIC

(From the living room)

Yup, it sounds like they're a couple of real sickos . . . I know you can take care of yourself and all, but I thought I ought to pass it along. . . .

No answer.

VIC (Cont'd)

. . . Well, I guess tonight's been pretty rough on you, but I just have to tell you, Nancy, for me it's been the most wonderful evening of my life . . . I'm sure that'll sound funny to a girl like you who's met lots of swell guys and had lots of wonderful evenings, but I've never met a girl like you before . . .

CODDISH

Well . . .

VIC

I know I really don't deserve you, but I just had to tell you how I felt before I walked out of your life forever . . .

VIC waits hopefully for some protest. None comes.

VIC (Cont'd)

. . . I mean, you can say you want me to stay, but if you don't, I'll understand . . .

He waits for an answer.

In the bathroom CODDISH impulsively opens his mouth to answer, but thinking better of it, he shuts his mouth. VIC, still waiting with an expectant expression, tilts his ear to the bathroom door. EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. VIC's ear meeting the bathroom door. In the perfect quiet we hear only a very faint ticking. CODDISH, yawning, is looking at his watch. BACK TO VIC Sadly taking his ear away from the door.

CONTINUED

141 Cont'd

141

VIC

... I understand.

VIC trudges dejectedly out of the apartment.

142

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY AREA - NIGHT

142

As VIC exits Nancy's apartment. There is the sound of a rhythmic thumping coming up the hallway. VIC looks up. MRS. TREND is hopping up the hall, her feet and hands bound together, her mouth gagged. In her tied-together hands she clutches the handle of a large black frying pan. She hops past VIC, towards the elevators.

VIC

Mrs. Trend! ...

She turns to face him. VIC kneels down to untie her ankles and wrists. Behind him, we can see CRUSH staggering out of the open door of the TRENDS' apartment, a palm pressed to the spot on his head where he was hit by the frying pan. As VIC talks to MRS. TREND, CRUSH stumbles into the walls, gets his bearings, and spots MRS. TREND, who also sees him.

VIC

(as he unties MRS. TREND)

... You better get back in your apartment. There are a couple of maniacs running around the building.

As VIC finishes untying her hands, MRS. TREND reaches up, pulls off her gag, and SCREAMS. At that moment CRUSH spins VIC around.

CRUSH

I told you not to call me that.

He delivers another RELENTLESS PUNCH to the same eye he hit earlier. MRS. TREND is scampering away down the hall. VIC sprawls under the blow. CRUSH starts after the fleeing MRS. TREND. As he passes NANCY's apartment he bellows:

CRUSH

Every man for himself, Arthur!

Chasing MRS. TREND, CRUSH dashes around the corner of the hallway by the elevators and arrives at an open window which gives out onto a fire escape.

143

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ALLEY - NIGHT

143

MRS. TREND arrives at the bottom spring-hinged portion of the fire escape and rides it down to the street. As she climbs off it recoils back to its original position.

144

EXT. STREET AREA - NIGHT

144

She runs out into the middle of the street where swirling eddies of wind and newspapers form miniature hurricanes about her.

145 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ALLEY - NIGHT 145

CRUSH is halfway down the fire escape.

146 EXT. STREET AREA - NIGHT 146

A car approaches. MRS. TREND jumps in its path so that it has no option but to stop.

147 INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT 147

Over the shoulder of the two motorists. Through the windshield MRS. TREND can be seen running at them, screaming.

MOTORIST #1

Jumpin' spit!

With the horn blaring, he slams his foot on the brakes, sending the car swerving.

148 EXT. STREET AREA - NIGHT 148

It just misses a mailbox and slams into a garbage bin on the curb. The FURY swerves back on course and continues on its way.

149 EXT. STREET AREA (PROCESS) - NIGHT 149

The garbage can is hurtled through the air . . .

150 EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT 150

. . .towards the back of the HEEL, who is walking down the sidewalk with a new date.

HEEL

So I'm a heel, so what of it?--

BAM! As the garbage can hits him and knocks him flat. (Dummy)

151 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ALLEY - NIGHT 151

The HEEL picks himself up, dusts himself off and sneers.

HEEL

Big deal. Takes more than a little fall to stop me.

A loud creaking sound is heard from above. As the HEEL looks up, the fire escape comes swinging down from above, crushing him utterly. There stands CRUSH who has just ridden this "staircase of death" down.

152

EXT. SECURITY STORE - NIGHT

152

MRS. TREND makes a dash across the street screaming for her husband.

MRS. TREND

Ernest! Ernest!

She enters the security shop. CRUSH follows.

153

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT

153

CRUSH stands in the doorway of the shop, searching for MRS. TREND.

154

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA (ALTERNATE) - NIGHT

154

MRS. TREND sits on the floor just behind the first prop door in the "PARADE OF PROTECTION". She waits. Possibly CRUSH has lost her. She reaches for the mail slot at the bottom of the first door to see if the coast is clear; CRUSH's hand rips through the slot! It stops just short of MRS. TREND as she pins her back to the door behind her. She snaps the demonstration lock shut on the first door and steps through the second, locking it shut after her also.

155

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA - NIGHT

155

CRUSH smashes through the first door and a loud demonstration buzzer/alarm goes off; BUZZZZZZZZZZ. MRS. TREND arrives at the third door, opens it, steps through, slams and locks it behind her. CRUSH steps over the remainder of the first door and arrives at the second. It's locked. He smashes through. A loud alarm bell sounds, adding its scream to the buzzer of the first door. MRS. TREND opens the fourth door and steps through. CRUSH rips through door #3. MRS. TREND moves through the fifth door, locks it behind her and approaches the sixth.

CRUSH, tired of the game, decides to go around the doors rather than through them. As we LATERAL TRACK with MRS. TREND, CRUSH moves in a beeline towards the camera, falling behind her. But as he emerges from the corridor and starts running along the outside of it, very large in the foreground, he quickly gains ground. He overtakes MRS. TREND and charges down the aisle that she has just entered. Frantically, MRS. TREND flings open the next door and slams it behind her -- in CRUSH's face. He beats it down but again begins to fall behind. CRUSH is mad. More doors yield to his fists. Wowing sirens scream from the shattered doors. Fury quickens his pace. He is gaining, with each smashed door adding a new siren or bell.

MRS. TREND frantically slams a door. A fist comes ripping through it, showering her with bits of wood. CRUSH's hand grabs her hair. She pulls free. She reaches the final door. It is a massive iron job, secured with steel rivets. A sign on it reads: "You are now leaving the Parade of Protection, safest hallway in the world!" MRS. TREND opens this door just as CRUSH rips through the preceding one. She slams the massive door shut with a vault-like, echoing clang.

156

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA (ALTERNATE) - NIGHT

156

CRUSH stops dead at this forbidding door. It looks as if it is subtly wavering. Dust falls from the top of the door. The wavering increases. CRUSH watches dumbfounded, frozen, until he begins to realize that MRS. TREND, on the other side, is about to topple this massive structure down on top of him. Slowly, he backs away. The door teeters wildly. CRUSH turns. The iron door falls over.

157

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA - NIGHT

157

CRUSH races back through the holes in the doors he has smashed. Behind him the wall units fall like giant dominoes, chasing him. SLAM! BANG! SLAM! BANG! SLAM! BANG! CRUSH, racing full speed, successfully stays ahead of the toppling walls until -- he arrives at the first unsmashed door, one of those he earlier ran around instead of through. CRUSH pounds frantically on the door. He turns in horror, realizing that he will shortly be crushed by the oncoming wave of cascading walls. As he looks sideways up the aisle and begins to figure out that he may escape by running out of the hallway -- CRASH -- the wave-wall engulfs him, crushing him utterly. The remaining walls quickly topple.

158

INT. SECURITY STORE FRONT AREA - NIGHT

158

As the last wall falls over it crushes the mannequin display of the burglar robbing a house and the terrified housewife. They are smashed to limbs and plastic dust.

159

INT. SECURITY STORE DOOR AREA - NIGHT

159

As the clouds of plaster dust clear (lit by the strobe light alarm) we see a flashing scene of devastation. The CAMERA TRACKS over this entire row of toppled domino-like door flats, back into the darkness of the rear of the shop. The crumpled doors pass beneath us and we stop on a petrified C.U. of MRS. TREND. The alarms die one by one until only the music box alarm version of Humpty Dumpty winds down and is finally silent.

Dead quiet. MRS. TREND scans for some sign of CRUSH. Quietly at first, from the front of the short -- a rumble. It grows louder. It is the sound of a bowling ball rolling slowly down a lane. The thing is rumbling towards her through the darkness. Maddeningly loud now, but still not visible. Louder. . . Louder. . . Finally:

A woman's head rolls out of the darkness and rumbles to a stop at MRS. TREND's feet. The CAMERA TRACKS IN to a CLOSE UP. A SCREEEEEEAM. It is the mannequin head of the terrified housewife. Two empty eye sockets glare up at MRS. TREND. Something in the darkness has ripped out its eyes.

160

INT. SECURITY STORK BACK ROOM - NIGHT

160

MRS. TREND removes two large packing knives from a drawer. She opens the rear door to the shop and steps outside.

161

EXT. SECURITY STORE BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

161

MRS. TREND closes the door behind her and takes two steps back from it, waiting to see what will emerge. A bloody arm clutches her from behind. SCREAMING, she wheels and sinks both knives into the man. He SCREAMS. The camera pans over to reveal that MRS. TREND has just stabbed her husband. He waves his arm and gasps:

MR. TREND

I'm well-insured Helene. You'll never want for a thing!

He falls face-first into an alley mud puddle. The back door rips open so fast there is no time to scream. There stands CRUSH. Dragging the partially dismembered burglar mannequin in one hand and the eyeless head of the female mannequin in the other, with flashing strobe lights blinking in the shop behind him, he is an Apocalyptic Vision of Hell.

MRS. TREND bolts for the low alleyway dividing wall, climbing up garbage to flop over the top into the adjacent property.

She has landed inside a large wooden packing crate, which two WORKMEN immediately lower a lid onto and nail shut. One of them stamps the lid with a bold red ink-stamp: "AIR-FREIGHT--URUGUAY". In a jiffy the box is tossed into the back of a waiting truck, the truck's back door is slammed shut, showing us the logo of "Juan's Air Express--Your Overnight Service to Latin America", and the truck SCREECHES away around a corner. CRUSH, looking over the alleyway, laughs stupidly.

162

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

162

CODDISH is charging through the lobby with NANCY slung over his shoulder, beating him helplessly with her fists.

OLD LADY (os)

Stop that foolishness, immediately!!

CODDISH wheels to face the old woman we saw in the lobby earlier, standing in the doorway of her apartment with her twin schnauzers milling around her feet.

OLD LADY

(stamping her foot)

Set her down this instant you filthy little man!

CODDISH

(laughs)

Who's gonna make me, you and your dogs?

OLD LADY

(stepping to one side)

That's right.

Two eighty pound Dobermans leap over the schnauzers from the doorway behind her and fly at CODDISH with their drooling fangs bared in a snarl. The smirk disappears from CODDISH's face, replaced by raw horror. He drops NANCY. She races out the door into the street.

163

EXT. SECURITY STORE SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

163

NANCY, still running for her life, is just about to enter the alley when she sees CRUSH at the far end running towards her. She turns and looks back down the street. CODDISH, half of his clothes torn from his body is stumbling out onto the street.

164

INT. OLDS (PARKED) - NIGHT

164

NANCY flings open the door of the DELTA 88 parked at the mouth of the alley and locks the doors. As she turns to lock the passenger side she comes face to face with the charred head of MR. ODEGARD which juts out from its torn sack. She rifles through ODEGARD's coat pockets and pulls out a ring of keys. She tries one of the keys in the ignition--it doesn't fit. SLAM!!! CRUSH is at the driver's window and has rammed the burglar mannequin torso at it in an attempt to shatter it. NANCY finds the key that fits the car's ignition. SMASH!!! The side driver's window explodes as the mannequin torso rips through, showering her with glass. He reaches in to grab her. NANCY throws the car into gear and hits the gas.

165

EXT. STREET AREA (STUNT) - NIGHT

165

CRUSH is dragged out into the middle of the street before finally pulling free. CODDISH roars up in the RAT CAR and throws open the door. CRUSH leaps into the driver's seat.

166

INT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

166

CRUSH
(throwing the car into gear)
Did you get the money from the safe?

CODDISH bites his lip and looks worried.

CODDISH
... I thought you...

The two men turn to look at each other. CRUSH turns back and slams on the accelerator.

CRUSH
Ah... hell with it.

The car screeches off after NANCY's car. THE CAMERA SWISH PANS TO:

167

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT AREA - NIGHT

167

As VIC's face comes into full CLOSE-UP. He is breathing hard. He stands alone in the middle of the street, eyes locked on the road ahead where he last saw the tail lights of the RAT CAR.

He opens his mouth to bellow, and his cry echoes down the mean streets:

CONTINUED

167 Cont'd

167

VIC

NANCEEEEE!!

Instantly calm, he turns to flag down an oncoming car. It is another wagon with the logo of METROPOLITAN POWER & LIGHT on its side. Behind the wheel is the grizzled old veteran from the transformer box. He sticks his head out the window.

OLD MAN

What's the trouble, son?

VIC

A couple of maniacs are after my girl, and I wonder if you would let me . . .

OLD MAN

Do you love her, son?

168

EXT. STREET AREA (PROCESS) - NIGHT

168

VIC looks up at the starry heavens and pauses reflectively for a moment. Having drawn some strength from his contemplation, he turns back to the OLD MAN.

VIC

Yessir, I reckon I do.

169

EXT. STREET AREA (CRANE SHOT) - NIGHT

169

The OLD MAN holds his car keys out to VIC.

OLD MAN

She sticks a little in third.

With one fluid motion VIC takes the keys, rips off the apron still tied around his tuxedo and scoops YARMAN's Louisville Slugger up from the gutter. His eyes fixed on the road down which the maniacs disappeared:

VIC

I don't claim to know a whole lot about the grand design . . .

He gently slaps the bat into the palm of his hand.

VIC (cont.)

. . . but those fellows are going to suck on some abuse.

170

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE (AERIAL) - NIGHT

170

High shot from copter; far above the CHRYSLER/FORD INTERCHANGE. Down below, the tiny dots of light which are automobiles, snake and curve along the many winding over and underpasses of the expressways. The camera tracks down into this mess of congestion into one car in particular; NANCY's DELTA 88.

- 171 EXT. HIGHWAY AREA - NIGHT 171
- We track in to a tight shot of her driving for her life. Swerving in and around the other motorists, sometimes dangerously cutting them off as she strives to gain ground.
- 172 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 172
- Next to her, sits the charred corpse of ODEGARD, a death mask of horror plastered to his face. A streak of white light cuts NANCY's face. She glances in the rear view mirror: the illuminated giant rat is quickly gaining on her. NANCY gives the DELTA the gas. Its speedometer climbs from 65 to 85.
- 173 EXT. DELTA - NIGHT 173
- The car's wheels spin and smoke.
- 174 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 174
- NANCY looks to her rear view to see -- empty road.
- 175 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 175
- SLAM!! (CAMERA CAR) NANCY's DELTA is rocked. The RAT CAR has pulled up alongside and smashed into her. The DELTA pitches wildly for a moment before NANCY regains control.
- 176 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 176
- MR. ODEGARD's charred body falls into NANCY's lap. She shoves him away. The DELTA is fast approaching a small sports car directly ahead.
- 177 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 177
- With a burst of speed (CAMERA CAR), the DELTA passes the RAT CAR and changes lanes, trying to avoid rear-ending the SPORTS CAR -- almost succeeding. The DELTA takes off the back bumper of the SPORTS CAR in front of it, are barely cuts in front of the RAT CAR.
- SPORTS CAR DRIVER
- You crazy bitch!
- The SPORTS CAR quickly drops into the distance.
- NANCY's DELTA is bare meters in front of the RAT CAR. RAT CAR slams into the DELTA from behind.
- 178 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 178
- SLAM! NANCY's head is almost ripped off in the whiplash.

- 179 EXT. RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 179
The RAT CAR drops back, picks up speed, and -- SLAM! -- rams the DELTA.
- 180 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 180
NANCY is rocketing towards the slow-moving MOTOR CITY MADMEN CAR.
- 181 EXT. RAT CAR -NIGHT 181
The RAT CAR closing in on the DELTA; the DELTA closing in on the MOTOR CITY MADMEN. Just before being sandwiched between the two cars, NANCY swerves the DELTA out.
- 182 EXT. RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 182
The RAT CAR rams the MADMEN CAR, making an accordion of its trunk.
- 183 EXT. MADMEN'S CAR. - NIGHT 183
Two angry men stick their heads out the windows. They and the rest of the gang inside wear jackets which say "MOTOR CITY MADMEN", decorated with chains, spikes, and steel studs.
- 184 EXT. THREE CARS - NIGHT 184
NANCY's DELTA speeds ahead. As the RAT CAR passes the MADMEN CAR, CRUSH and the MADMEN exchange screams:

MOTOR CITY MADMAN #1
Pull over, sucker, you ruined my mama's car!

MOTOR CITY MADMAN #2
Learn to drive, hammerhead!

MOTOR CITY MADMAN #3
Scumsucker!
- 185 INT. RAT CAR - NIGHT 185
As it roars past the MADMEN and quickly approaches the DELTA, CRUSH sadly shakes his head.

CRUSH
Back there is a fine example of everything that's wrong with this city. . . take care of her.
- 186 EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT 186
CODDISH climbs onto the RAT CAR roof. He straddles the display rat like a cowboy on a colt. When he draws even with the DELTA, CODDISH leaps onto its roof.

- 187 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 187
- CODDISH can be heard landing above with a THUMP. NANCY sees nothing. Suddenly -- CODDISH's head appears upside-down through the windshield as he peers in.
- NANCY hits the brakes.
- 188 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 188
- CODDISH is thrown forward.
- 189 INT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 189
- CODDISH's feet flip over his head. He lands on his back on the DELTA's hood. He grabs the rain gutter and hammers his fist against the windshield. CRASH! -- his fist rips through the glass and he grabs NANCY's face, blinding her. She floors the gas.
- 190 EXT. DELTA (AERIAL) - NIGHT 190
- The DELTA belches blue smoke and zooms past the RAT CAR.
- 191 EXT. DELTA - NIGHT 191
- The car swerves blindly out of its lane, through a guardrail and into oncoming freeway traffic. Blinded NANCY heads straight on ONCOMING CAR #1 and at the last instant swerves right to miss. Now headed for ONCOMING CAR #2, the DELTA suddenly swerves left to miss.
- 192 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 192
- NANCY struggles desperately with CODDISH's hand, trying to restore her vision. As she succeeds, the camera takes her POV.
- 193 EXT. DELTA - NIGHT 193
- CODDISH's receding hand reveals a large TANKER rushing at us. Stenciled on its front: "DANGER! NUCLEAR WASTE! RADIOACTIVE! HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE!"
- 194 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 194
- NANCY yanks the wheel.

195 EXT. DELTA - NIGHT

195

The DELTA misses the TANKER by centimeters. It roars past, horn blaring. The maneuver sends the DELTA back through the guardrail back onto the original side of the freeway.

196 EXT. DELTA/RAT CAR - NIGHT

196

The DELTA emerges side by side with the RAT CAR.

197 INT. DELTA - NIGHT

197

CODDISH again reaches in for NANCY. As she fends him off a new set of headlights appear in the rear view window.

198 EXT. THREE CARS - NIGHT

198

VIC's POWER & LIGHT CAR pulls up between the DELTA and RAT CAR.

NANCY

Vic!

VIC

(to CODDISH)

Mister, you give me a rash.

CODDISH

Back off, Romeo, or I'll smash her!

VIC

You're under citizen's arrest, fella!

CODDISH swings a steel-tipped foot out to connect with VIC's left RELENTLESS PUNCHED eye.

VIC's car swerves; he regains control.

199 INT. POWER & LIGHT CAR - NIGHT

199

VIC rips his tie from his neck. He ties the steering wheel to the window handle, locking it in place. He flips a knob labeled "CRUISE CONTROL". His speedometer locks in at 108 MPH. VIC's hand wraps around YARMAN's "LOUISVILLE SLUGGER" baseball bat at his side.

200 EXT. CAMERA CAR - NIGHT

200

VIC leans out of the car, which now drives itself, and cracks CODDISH across the knees with the baseball bat. He does this again and again.

201 INT. RAT CAR - NIGHT 201
CRUSH sees what is happening. He gives the wheel an abrupt jerk.

202 EXT. THREE CARS - NIGHT 202
The RAT CAR rams the side of VIC's AUTOMOBILE. Sparks fly as Detroit steel meets steel.

203 EXT. POWER & LIGHT CAR (PROCESS) - NIGHT 203
VIC, who was leaning out his window, is thrown from the car and drops toward the speeding pavement below.

204 INT. DELTA - NIGHT 204
NANCY screams.

205 EXT. SECTION OF ROAD - NIGHT 205
VIC's POV as he falls downward towards the roadway.

206 EXT. SECTION OF ROAD (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 206
As VIC falls toward the pavement, he grabs the doorknob of NANCY's car. His feet catch on his own driver's side windows. He is now parallel to the road, a human bridge between the two cars.

207 EXT. THREE CARS (AERIAL) - NIGHT 207
VIC races along the highway in this precarious position.

208 EXT. THREE CARS (STUNT) - NIGHT 208
Coddish steps on VIC's hand with his steel-toed shoes. VIC swings his LOUISVILLE SLUGGER up into Coddish's shin bone. Coddish's foot is swept from beneath him.

209 EXT. SECTION OF ROAD (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 209
Coddish tumbles to the pavement.

210 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 210
As Coddish falls he snags the rear door handle of the DELTA and is dragged SCREAMING along the expressway.

CONTINUED

210 Cont'd

210

CLOSE SHOT: CODDISH's legs as they are dragged along the pavement at better than 100 MPH. Great sparks fly from his steel-toed shoes. Bits of leather and steel fly as his shoes disintegrate into smoking pulp.

CODDISH manages to pull himself up against the back side of NANCY's DELTA, where he hangs on for dear life.

211 EXT. THREE CARS (STUNT) - NIGHT

211

Again CRUSH slams the RAT CAR into VIC's now empty auto. VIC manages to maintain his precarious "Human Bridge" position. The front corner of VIC's car (still on cruise control) slams into the front side of the DELTA and slowly slides backwards toward VIC.

212 EXT. ROADWAY (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT

212

As the slowing car approaches him, it rips a fierce gouge in the side of the DELTA, sending sparks and bits of hot steel flying.

213 INT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT

213

VIC smashes in the DELTA's side window, uses it as a foothold and climbs to the roof of the car -- just in time to avoid being ripping to bits.

214 EXT. THREE CARS (CANNONBLAST - STUNT) - NIGHT

214

CODDISH also clambers to the roof of the DELTA. VIC's car completes its turn, now fully sideways yet still moving forward at 108 MPH. The momentum throws VIC's car into the air.

215 EXT. SKY WITH STREETLIGHTS (BLUE SCREEN) - NIGHT

215

VIC's CAR spins end over end through the night sky.

216 EXT. POWER AND LIGHT TRUCK - NIGHT

216

The car comes crashing down upon the pavement. It bounces wildly for a good quarter mile, then bursts into flames.

217 EXT. DELTA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT

217

The RAT CAR and DELTA now speed along side by side. VIC watches as his car explodes in a bright flash of orange in the distance. It's the last thing he sees before CODDISH lets him have it with a RELENTLESS PUNCH from behind.

VIC falls but lands precariously on the trunk of the DELTA. CODDISH leaps at him from the hood.

218 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 218

VIC catches CODDISH with his feet, his "flying angel" sending CODDISH flying into the air.

219 EXT. DELTA (REAR SCREEN) - NIGHT 219

HIGH ANGLE - CODDISH flies through space as the pavement reels beneath him.

220 EXT. RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 220

CODDISH lands on the hood of the RAT CAR.

221 EXT. DELTA AND RAT CAR - NIGHT 221

VIC and CODDISH pull themselves to their feet to stand facing each other on the hoods of their respective vehicles -- VIC on the DELTA, CODDISH on the RAT CAR.

222 EXT. THREE VEHICLES (STUNT) - NIGHT 222

There is a tremendous "SWOOOOSH". VIC and CODDISH duck so as not to have their heads ripped off by a low overpass. Just then both cars separate with a SCREEECH as they move around either side of slow-moving TRUCK.

When the cars merge again in front of the TRUCK the roof of the RAT CAR is -- empty. VIC, thinking CODDISH swept off by the overpass, looks behind him just as CODDISH takes a running leap at him from the TRUCK just behind.

223 EXT. DELTA (STUNT) - NIGHT 223

CODDISH lands on VIC's shoulders, slamming his face into the roof. VIC struggles to his feet. The roof dent left by his face pops back out: THOONK. The fight begins: CODDISH swings, VIC ducks. VIC fires a left cross to CODDISH's jaw! CODDISH RELENTLESS PUNCHES VIC's sore eye!

VIC

OW!

CODDISH gives another RELENTLESS JAB to the same eye! And another! VIC lets loose an uppercut to CODDISH's gut!

CODDISH

OOOFFF!

CODDISH doubles over -- and just in time. WHOOOOOOOOSH!!! Another overpass. VIC gives an uppercut to CODDISH's jaw! VIC gives a right cross to CODDISH's face! CODDISH throws a left cross but VIC ducks.

224 EXT. DELTA AND RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 224

CODDISH, in an attempt to escape a fair fight, leaps to the RAT CAR. VIC follows.

225 EXT. RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 225

VIC spins CODDISH around and belts him cleanly across the jaw. CODDISH falls to the roof. VIC hauls him to his feet and is about to let him have it when CODDISH, who is facing front, screams:

CODDISH

Overpass!

CODDISH ducks. VIC spins to face front. No overpass -- a trick. As VIC spins back he is cracked across the face by the giant display rat which CODDISH has uprooted from the RAT CAR roof.

VIC stumbles back and teeters on the edge of the RAT CAR, his head spinning. CODDISH raises the rat over his head and then -- jams it into VIC's face.

226 EXT. RAT CAR (PROCESS) - NIGHT 226

VIC is tumbling over the edge.

227 EXT. MOTOR CITY MADMEN CAR - NIGHT 227

VIC lands in the lap of the tail-gating MOTOR CITY MANMEN. He looks around, confused, his face bleeding.

VIC

. . . Who're you?

MADMAN #1

Concerned citizens.

MADMAN #2

Vigilantes.

MADMAN #3

Madmen.

VIC

They're trying to kill my girl!

MADMAN #4 ("DANCER")

(grinning bearishly)

Yeah? I killed a girl once.

MADMAN #1

DANCER! PRANCER!

He makes a sharp gesture towards the RAT CAR.

228 EXT. MADMEN CAR AND RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 228

MOTOR CITY MADMEN #3 and #4 leap from their vehicle to the back of the RAT CAR.

229 EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT 229

DANCER is greeted by a steel-tipped kick from CODDISH, and falls to his death on the speeding pavement below. (DUMMY)

230 EXT. MOTOR CITY MADMEN CAR - NIGHT 230

As the MADMEN behind run over their fallen companion, they throw their heads back and roar with laughter at his ridiculously dismal failure.

231 EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT 231

PRANCER is clambering up onto the RAT CAR, where CODDISH now wields his SHOCKER.

PRANCER

Say, goodbye, Professor.

CODDISH

(grinning)

Goodbye. . .

A switch is flipped on the SHOCKER. Red function lights glow. Tiny VU meters indicate a surge of power. CODDISH turns up the rheostat from a level labeled "RATS" to a level labeled "MEN."

CODDISH touches the raw wires to PRANCER. The MADMAN convulse wildly under huge arcing sparks. He is fried to a crisp. CODDISH steps away but the lifeless MADMAN body remains standing, frozen in its last hideously contorted posture.

CODDISH looks on in awe as the charred remains defiantly refuse to fall. He watches, watches, watches -- ducks. WHOOOOOOOOOSH!!! SNAG! -- PRANCER's body is ripped cleanly away by the low overpass.

232 EXT. MOTOR CITY MADMEN CAR - NIGHT 232

In the MADMEN's car, this new development is greeted with a round of awe-struck "Ooooooooooooo's".

233 EXT. DELTA AND RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT 233

VIC leaps to the rear of the RAT CAR.

234

EXT RAT CAR - NIGHT

234

VIC looks up. There stands CODDISH.

CODDISH

Your turn, Casanova.

He turns the rheostat up from "MEN" to "RHINOS". He touches the raw steel cables together. They spark like crazy.

235

INT. DELTA - NIGHT

235

NANCY hefts the baseball bat --

NANCY

VICTOR!

--and throws it.

236

EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

236

VIC snags the bat from the air, spins and slams it into the SHOCKER which is strapped to CODDISH's chest. It bursts into electrical flame. CODDISH, SCREAMING, rips it off and throws it overboard.

237

EXT. MOTOR CITY MADMEN'S CAR - NIGHT

237

The SHOCKER lands in an empty passenger seat where it continues to spark and flame and finally explodes.

MOTOR CITY MADMAN #1

YOU SONOFABITCH! HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THE MOTOR CITY MADMEN!

238

EXT. RAT CAR AND MADMEN CAR - NIGHT

238

CRUSH swerves the RAT CAR into the MOTOR CITY MADMEN's CAR. It swerves up an embankment and rips through a guardrail. We have seen the last of the MOTOR CITY MADMEN.

239

EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

239

CODDISH turns to VIC, who still holds the baseball bat.

VIC

Mister, you've done some bad things and now I'm going to deal out some swift justice.

He grabs CODDISH by the scruff of the neck and raises the bat.

CONTINUED

239 Cont.

239

VIC

This is for bothering my girl.

VIC slams the bat into CODDISH's knee -- SLAM!

VIC

For ruining my car.

SLAM!

VIC

(pointing to his black eye)

For giving me this.

SLAM!

VIC

For spoiling my date!

SLAM!

VIC

One for your partner!

SLAM!

VIC

One for you!

SLAM!

VIC

And here's one for all the folks, everywhere!

He raises the bat high to make Everybody's Blow extra-special, but CODDISH screams:

CODDISH

Stop! I give up! Please don't hit me again with the baseball bat.! I . . I realize now that everything I've done is wrong, and I . . I . . well, I'm sorry.

Tears stream down CODDISH's face. VIC stands poised with the bat, faltering. Finally:

VIC

Sometimes sorry isn't good enough.

He raises the bat.

239 Cont. 1

239

Coddish

(crying)

Just one more chance! Please, Vic, I'm sorry for what I did, really I am! I promise! From now on I'm going to be good! I swear it's the truth! Just one more chance!

The CAMERA DOLLIES IN to Coddish's hand. We hear an ominous musical chord as the camera reveals: HIS FINGERS ARE CROSSED!

Vic

... Well ...

Coddish

Please...

He extends one hand.

Coddish (Cont'd)

... friend.

Vic

... All right. But just this once.

Vic tosses the bat into Nancy's car and reaches his hand out to help up Coddish. Coddish, climbing to his feet, appears to stumble. Vic lunges to help and Coddish grabs him by the hair. Coddish forces Vic's head sideways by pulling his hair and begins to mercilessly RELENTLESS PUNCH his face. POW! POW! POW!

Vic

You dirty...!

Again and again Coddish cracks his knuckles against Vic's eyes, nose and mouth, turning his face into a bloody pulp. POW! POW! POW!

Coddish

Surprised you fell for it, Vic. But then again you fell for that line about the overpass, too.

POW! POW! POW! Coddish continues his beating. Vic's face is ravaged.

240

INT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

240

CRUSH

That's it! Beat his brains in!

241

INT. DELTA - NIGHT

241

Nancy

No!

242 EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

242

POW! POW! POW! It is a horrible moment in film history. There is so much blood flying from VIC's face, it splashes on the RAT CAR windshield like rain.

CRUSH turns on the windshield wipers.

243 INT. DELTA - NIGHT

243

NANCY SCREEEEEEAMS.

244 EXT. RAT CAR - NIGHT

244

With a final RELENTLESS PUNCH, CODDISH knocks VIC to the roof. CODDISH raises the giant display rat and holds it directly over VIC's face.

CODDISH

Well, it's the end of the road for you, Vic. Any last words?

VIC

(through bloodied and swollen lips)

Yeah. Don't look now, but here comes an overpass.

CODDISH shakes his head sadly at VIC's pitiful attempt to fool him.

CODDISH

Vic, that's difference between me and you. Only a sucker like you would fall for that 'don't look now, but here comes the overpass' routine. See, Vic, you believe in people. I don't. That's why you're down there and I'm up here. That's why -

-- That is why CODDISH's body gets ripped away at that instant by the oncoming overpass - "SNAG" - "WHOOOOSH". All that remains is his smoldering shoes with his pair of empty socks still standing upright in them.

Vic lies alone atop the RAT CAR.

245 EXT. DELTA AND RAT CAR (STUNT) - NIGHT

245

CRUSH decides that it is time to destroy the DELTA utterly. The RAT CAR rams the DELTA and both cars fly off the expressway.

They cut down a steel guardrail and fly through the air for a moment.

246 EXT. BRIDGE (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

246

The cars come crashing down onto a BRIDGE.

247

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

247

The RAT CAR lands on its roof. The momentum of its flight makes the RAT CAR skid and spin like a top as soon as it stops skidding.

The DELTA lands on its side and slides across the pavement to rip halfway through a bridge guardrail. It comes to rest, still on its side, supported that way by the guardrail which is still intact on either side. The nose of the car hangs out over the edge of the abyss.

With the horrible sound of grinding metal the RAT CAR still spins on its roof. The spinning slows . . . stops.

A brief flash of lightning . . . a gentle downpour begins. Metal signs, groans, and falls silent. A hubcap careening on the pavement finally clatters to rest. All is quiet except for the patter of rain.

VIC is lying on his back on the concrete. As the rain hits his face he stirs.

NANCY whimpers in fear as she sits in the precariously perched DELTA.

CRASH!--a fist comes through the driver's window of the RAT CAR. CRUSH crawls out and hauls himself dizzily to his feet. Head still spinning from the whirl of the car, he supports himself against the car. Dazed and bewildered, he looks around.

CRUSH

. . . Arthur. . . ?

VIC drags himself to his feet and looks in horror at the DELTA hanging nose-out over the edge of the bridge. He sees NANCY's fear-stricken face inside.

VIC

Nancy!

NANCY

Vic!

NANCY screams as the DELTA's belly starts to crumple down the guardrail that previously kept the car resting on its side.

FFFOOOOMP!--the guardrail gives completely under the belly of the car. The DELTA, now sitting right-side up, gives a small sickening creak forward before it stops. But it now hangs even more precariously than before, its front half actually swaying below the level of the road. NANCY is now hidden from view. VIC dashes for the edge of the bridge.

He slips through the railing next to the car to stand on the unprotected lip of the bridge. He stoops down, securing himself by grabbing a rail behind him with one hand, reaching his other hand out to NANCY. She reaches her hand out to his.

Fingertips are inches apart.

248

EXT. BRIDGE (STUDIO INSERTS) - NIGHT

248

CREAK! SMASH! Two shots of different steel brackets rip free from girders.

249 EXT. BRIDGE (ALTERNATE) - NIGHT 249

RIP! A section of the bridge crumples loose out from under the DELTA. Pieces of concrete tumble away to land, with a sickening splash, in the river far below. The nose of the DELTA jogs down even lower as NANCY SCREAMS.

250 EXT. BRIDGE (STUDIO INSERT) - NIGHT 250

The car is abruptly snagged.

251 EXT. BRIDGE (RIVER LEVEL) - NIGHT 251

The charred body of MR. ODEGARD is sent through the windshield, plummeting down to the water below. More SCREAMS.

252 EXT. BRIDGE (STUDIO INSERT) - NIGHT 252

CUT TO: THE UNDERBELLY OF THE CAR

To reveal that it has snagged on a broken upright from the guardrail which is lodged in the metal innards of the car. The upright is secured to the bridge by ten straining rivets. POP! -- The first rivet gives under the stress.

253 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 253

NANCY is now out of VIC's reach. He grabs an upright in each hand and lowers his body out over the edge, dangling high over the river.

POP! POP!

VIC

Jump!

POP! POP! CREEEEEEAK . . .

NANCY'S VOICE

I can't make it!

VIC

You can make it!

NANCY'S VOICE

It's too far!

POP! POP! POP!

Silence

-- POPPITY-POP!

VIC

Nancy! NANCY!

CONTINUED

253 Cont'd

253

POP!

SCREEEEECH!

The car sinks slowly, slowly nosing down, sinking . . . falling.

VIC

NANCY! NANCY!

254

EXT. BRIDGE (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

254

We hear the car splash far, far below.

255

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

255

VIC

AHHHHHH! NANCY!

We believe that this is VIC's cry of despair for his loss of NANCY but soon realize that it is a cry of physical pain. NANCY has saved herself from the fatal fall, by leaping to VIC's legs. Unfortunately, this is very painful to VIC. Fingers dig deep into VIC's face from behind as NANCY finishes clambering up his body -- a human ladder.

VIC

... NO! NOT THE EARS!

But they are the best available handhold as NANCY pulls herself up over his head. Her high heels spike his forehead as she climbs up onto the bridge.

VIC

AAHHHHHH!

NANCY helps VIC hoist himself back up. He massages his eye, dusts himself off.

VIC

Boy. I'm glad that's over.

He takes a deep breath and releases it.

VIC

. . . You know, it's been an incredible experience. I think that --

CRUSH

AHHHHHHH!

Apparently having despaired of ever finding CODDISH, CRUSH is determined to at least wreak revenge. His flying tackle of VIC sends both of them rolling, fighting, across the pavement.

*the
head
show
to the*

- 256 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 256
 They smash through a MEN WORKING barricade and fall through a widened manhole on the surface of the bridge.
- 257 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE (STUDIO) - NIGHT 257
 They tumble down into a cavernous sewer which runs below the bridge.
- 258 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 258
 VIC and CRUSH tumble through space.
- 259 INT. SEWER MAIN WATER AREA - NIGHT 259
 They land and are swept along with its current as they struggle. They disappear from sight.
- 260 EXT. SEWER GRATING AREA - NIGHT 260
 Screams are heard from a sewer grating further down the bridge. NANCY runs to it.
- 261 EXT. SEWER GRATING AREA (STUDIO) - NIGHT 261
 She looks down through the criss-crossed steel bars. Crumpled leaves, newspapers and candy wrappers are washed by the rain down into this grating. Far beneath NANCY, VIC and CRUSH are swept along by the raging black water. The sounds of their struggle are quickly swept away by this underground river.
- 262 EXT. SEWER GRATING AREA - NIGHT 262
 NANCY
 VIC!
 She screams after him, but he is gone. She hears their screams coming from a steel grating up the street. She runs to it to follow their progress.
- 263 INT. SEWER MAIN WATER AREA - NIGHT 263
 VIC and CRUSH are swept along, at a rapid rate.
- 264 INT. SEWER 1/2 PIPE AREA - NIGHT 264
 VIC and CRUSH are sucked into a large drain opening.

265 INT. SEWER UNDERWATER - NIGHT 265
VIC and CRUSH are tossed about, underwater.

266 INT. SEWER DRAIN PIPE - NIGHT 266
VIC and CRUSH are sent out of the drain area in a gush of water.

267 INT. SEWER LEDGE FIGHT AREA - NIGHT 267
VIC grabs the steel rung of a sewer ladder as he floats past. CRUSH does likewise a bit further down. They pull themselves up upon the concrete ledges. VIC hacks up a good portion of sewer sludge which he has swallowed. CRUSH stands in the scattered rain and sewer grating street light from above. He steps forward from this illuminated drizzle.

VIC
We can still put a stop to this.

CRUSH rips a large sewer pipe from a section of plumbing lining the stone wall. It tears away with a rusty screech and lets loose a firehouse spigot of water. He approaches VIC, hitting the pipe in his hand.

CRUSH
I intend to.

VIC backs up at the same rate that CRUSH advances towards him.

CRUSH forces VIC into an area of twisting and turning vents and hoses.

268 INT. SEWER PIPE REALM - NIGHT 268
CRUSH swings his pipe. VIC ducks and it mangles a set of pipes carrying steam. A jet of hot white steam shoots into CRUSH's face, blinding him for a moment. A section of piping falls to the sewer floor. VIC rips off half of his shirt, raps it around the hot pipe, picks it up and strikes a battle pose. Steam from the mangled pipes drifts down around their legs. They appear as two ancient Samurai warriors, floating in mist. They face one another for a moment, sizing each other up. With wild screams, CRUSH makes an intense attack, smashing his pipe down upon VIC's, which is brought up again and again to defend himself. Sparks fly, each time their pipes connect.

269 INT. SEWER OPEN AREA (LOCATION-MATTE SHOT) - NIGHT 269
KLINK! KLINK! BANG! The pipe battle rages amidst the cavernous sewer.

270 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT 270
As they fight, VIC and CRUSH enter the mouth of a LARGE TUNNEL. Shallow water runs through it. Winged BATS fly about. They exit the tunnel at the top of a set of concrete steps.

271

INT. SEWER CONCRETE STEPS (STUDIO) - NIGHT

271

CRUSH drives VIC down the steps to a "SUB-SEWER" below. The steps end abruptly at a large chasm. Dead end for VIC.

CRUSH approaches.

CRUSH

I'm a malevolent maelstrom. A swirling vicious whirlwind of unreason!

With a powerful swipe; "KLANG!" CRUSH knocks the pipe from VIC's hand. Then, with a backhand blow, CRUSH lets him have it across the face with the pipe.

272

INT. WATER PIT - NIGHT

272

VIC falls from the steps to a pool of very shallow water below. CRUSH jumps from the steps, landing in front of VIC. VIC staggers to his feet, dizzily leaning against an old rotting stone wall. Now holding the pipe like a javelin, CRUSH makes a series of sharp jabs towards VIC's face. VIC dodges them each time as the pipe punctures holes through the rotted brick behind him. A steam pipe is knocked loose, bathing them in a hot white mist. CRUSH grabs his pipe at each end and makes a lunge at VIC's throat. He pins him back against the brick wall strangling him with the pressure of the pipe.

Then, the old punctured brick wall buckles inward.

273

INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT

273

They are plunged into the blackness of the LOST SEWER. VIC's momentum carries him into an upright wooden pillar, which buckles behind him.

274

INT. LOST SEWER (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

274

Enormous amounts of water are rushing in through the newly opened passage to this deep forgotten chamber.

275

INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT

275

VIC tries to raise himself to his feet as water rushes over his shoes, grabbing the pillar behind him for support.

The top of the damaged pillar wrenches at the ceiling with the mashing sound of rotted wood. A fissure opens in the dank decaying stonework of the ceiling; an aging main power line is severed and a length of the live cable drops towards the floor.

The live end of the cable drops and bounces like a dancing pull-string, suspended several feet above the floor. The ends of the hundreds of wrapped wires inside the cable-casing furiously hiss and spark.

276 INT. LOST SEWER (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

276

The gushing water tears more old brick down as it floods into the room.

277 INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT

277

CRUSH is charging VIC, pipe upraised, nightmarishly lit by blue bolts from the severed cable. No time to get to his feet -- VIC rolls out of the way of the WHOOSHING blow. CRUSH's pipe splits open the stone floor. The rising water swooshes over this spot and pours down this newly opened drain-hole in the floor. CRUSH raises his pipe. VIC clambers to his feet. Water rushes around their shins. CRUSH swings. VIC leaps. CRUSH's pipe skips along the surface of the water, missing VIC. The cable pops and hisses. The rising water-level is now visible below it. CRUSH swings downward. His pipe rakes VIC's chest, leaving a red wake. Smelling blood, CRUSH howls. CRUSH swings. VIC parries--DOOONG-- and his pipe, resonating at perfect pitch from the blow, is torn from his hands. He watches its flight. THUNK--VIC's pipe hits the far wall. There is a sign there, worn with age: EMERGENCY STORM AND SEWAGE DUCT - 1906. Directly beneath the sign in chalk is hand-written: MAY THE RATS EAT THE MAN WHO FINDS MY BONES. Beneath that are a number of human skeletons sitting about in tatters of uniforms, antique sewer worker gear and helmets. They grin at the live intruders. Water swirls about the skeletons. Enormous rats stick their snouts out of eye sockets and rib cages, their time-honored peace disturbed. Water boils about the knees of CRUSH and VIC. RRRRIP--the sizzling cable, straining at its ceiling support, abruptly drops to within a foot of the rising water.

CRUSH

AHHHHH!

He is slogging through the water at the now defenseless VIC. No weapon, no retreat. The rats attack. Maybe they do this because their skeleton homes are being washed away in the torrent and CRUSH happens to be the nearest dry ground. Maybe it's the curse on the wall. All we know for certain is that they attack. They are on CRUSH in a swarm, sinking their hungry rodent teeth into his face and neck. CRUSH grabs the first few and heaves them. The flung rats smash against the wall by the hissing cable, where they explode with a loud squeal.

278 INT. LOST SEWER (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

278

As still more water roars in through the widening brick hole.

279 INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT

279

Skeletons wash around CRUSH's thighs as though they are swimming. He flings away more rats. Now there are too many to pick off. Rats jump on rats, since no more space is available on CRUSH himself.

Water is now lapping within inches of the main power line. Stray drops slosh up and EXPLODE against the crackling wires. In a moment, the wading VIC and CRUSH will be eletrocuted--unless the rats kill CRUSH first by suffocating him.

CRUSH drops his pipe and blindly advances towards VIC through hip-deep water. He is a teeming rat-mass. VIC watches in horror.

CONTINUED

279 Cont'd

CRUSH

279

They won't stop me VIC. I'm still coming for you.

He claws rats from his eyes and extends his arms to squeeze the life from VIC. VIC looks at the snarling cable and the raging water an inch beneath.

VIC

You're not sick enough to throw me against that wall . . .

From inside the rat-mass we hear a hideous chuckle. CRUSH raises VIC high over his head and HURLS. VIC, flying, grabs the cable and his momentum sends him and the cable arcing towards the wall strained with rat innards. VIC rappels off that wall, around the corner it forms with the adjacent wall, and starts swinging back down towards the water.

His point of view, swooping down, shows CRUSH staring up at him in waist-deep water, contemplating the sparking end of the power line.

CRUSH

Uh-oh.

The still-rising water and VIC's weight on the cable are enough to establish contact when the swing reaches its lowest point.
BDDDDSTSTSTSTSTCHHH!--Electricity surges through water into CRUSH.

CRUSH

AAAAAAhhh!!!

Electrocuted rats fly squealing off of CRUSH. VIC is swinging back up. His slower swing back down gives a longer shock:
BDBDBDSTSTSTSTSTSTSTSTSTBDSTSTS!!

CRUSH

AHHHHHHHAHHHHHAHAHAHAHAH!!

Rats fly. With the enormous charge, CRUSH's eyes glow vivid pink. The end of the power line comes to rest, straight down, in the water. CRUSH is fried. Arcs of electricity shoot out from the end of each of the hairs on his head.

280

EXT. CITY OF DETROIT (MINIATURE) - NIGHT

280

The lights of the entire city are twinkling below us. They all dim momentarily as there is a drop in the city's voltage supply.

281

INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT

281

CRUSH

GAHOWWWWWWW!

VIC is still clinging to the insulated casing of the cable, high above the water.

VIC

(sadly)

If they're sick, they have to be destroyed.

A tremendous crackling of stone is heard.

282 INT. LOST SEWER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT 282

It is coming from the floor upon which CRUSH is now standing. The ancient stone cannot support the weight of CRUSH, the rats and the water. A huge fissure opens where CRUSH is standing. Water pours down into the opening. It widens.

283 INT. LOST SEWER (MINIATURE) - NIGHT 283

A water whirlpool forms around CRUSH's rigid, electrified body.

284 INT. LOST SEWER (PROCESS) - NIGHT 284

He stands at the eye of this liquid tornado.

285 INT. LOST SEWER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT 285

Suddenly the flooring gives way and it has the effect of a giant drain plug being pulled.

286 INT. LOST SEWER - NIGHT 286

The spinning CRUSH is sucked down, never to be seen again.

VIC

HOLEEEEE. . . !

The cable has snapped and VIC, clutching the now dead piece of cable, is plunging down into the whirlpool. SPLASH! VIC struggles with the undercurrents.

287 INT. LOST SEWER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT 287

He is pulled down through the widened drain hole.

288 INT. SEWER (UNDERWATER MINIATURE) - NIGHT 288

We follow VIC deeper and deeper through a vast area of water.

289 INT. SEWER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT 289

CLOSE UP of VIC holding his breath — his eyes bulging.

290 INT. SEWER (UNDERWATER MINIATURE) - NIGHT 290

VIC is swept along sideways into the tube.

291

INT. SEWER 1/2 PIPE AREA - NIGHT

291

He is almost pulled through a massive pipeline but he snags himself at the mouth of the tunnel with his arms and legs resisting the force of the driven water. Leaves, bits of sewage, and dead rats are swept past VIC in the flow of the water.

In the distance, he spots the skeletons of the sewer workers racing towards him. The first one collides, and is pulled into an embrace with him.

VIC

OOOOFFF!

Two more skeletons approach.

VIC lops the head off of the first skeleton. The skull spins wildly away in the undertow. VIC is still struggling with its body when the remaining two skeletons pile into him, dislodging him from his hold at the mouth of the pipe.

292

INT. SEWER - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

292

VIC is sent rocketing through this sewer pipe among a mass of human bones.

293

INT. SEWER (LOCATION) - NIGHT

293

As we follow the winding pipes we hear the horrid screeches of pressurized water racing through the concrete and stainless steel tubes.

294

EXT. DRAINAGE AREA - MORNING

294

Finally, VIC is spat out into the DETROIT RIVER from a drainage pipe.

295

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

295

NANCY moves to the edge of the bridge.

296

EXT. SHORE AREA - MORNING

296

Down below she sees VIC's body upon the shore. A great swelling of tragic music for the fallen hero lets us know that he is dead.

297

EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

297

NANCY

NO!

NANCY gasps and runs down to him.

298

EXT. SHORE AREA - MORNING

298

VIC's face is in the sand. NANCY kneels next to him.

NANCY

Oh, Vic. If only I'd believed in you earlier . . .

She presses his lifeless head to her chest.

NANCY (Cont'd)

. . . if only you knew how much I loved you. If only I
had another chance to prove it to you.

We--but not NANCY--see VIC's eyes open . . .

NANCY (cont'd)

. . . if only . . . if only . . .

299

EXT. SHORE AREA (STUDIO PROCESS) - MORNING

299

He hasn't looked up at her yet. The realities of his situation are just sinking
in . . .

NANCY (cont'd)

. . . if only you knew . . .

VIC, fully conscious now, listening to NANCY's voice, gives a broad, beaming
wink to the camera. Camera slowly TRACKS BACK and tilts upward to the city
skyline. It acts as a backdrop to this tragic pair. An incredible 1930's Hollywood
style sunrise bursts through the morning clouds and bathes VIC and NANCY with
its majestic sunbeams. Camera IRIS's to black.

THE END